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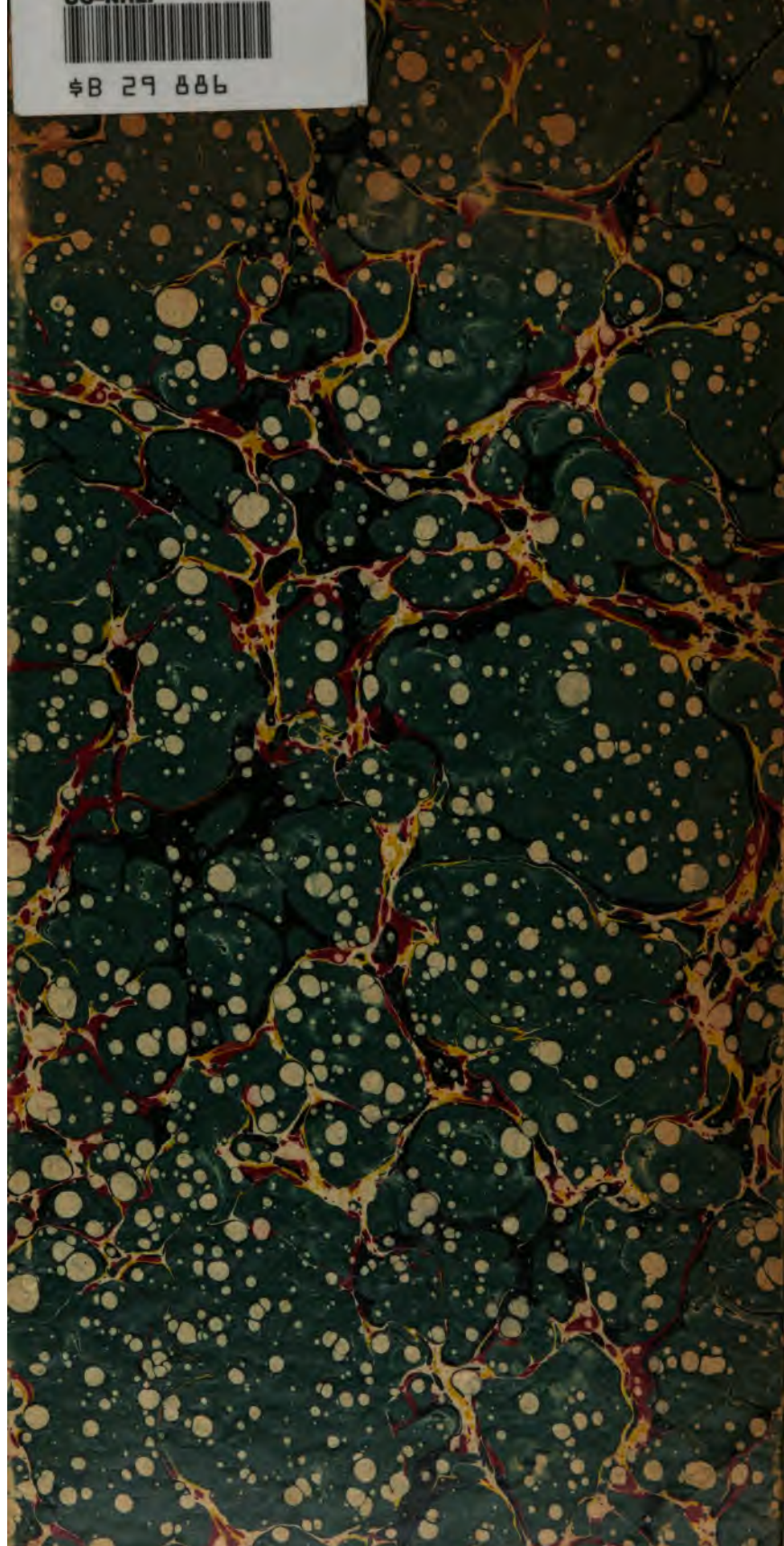
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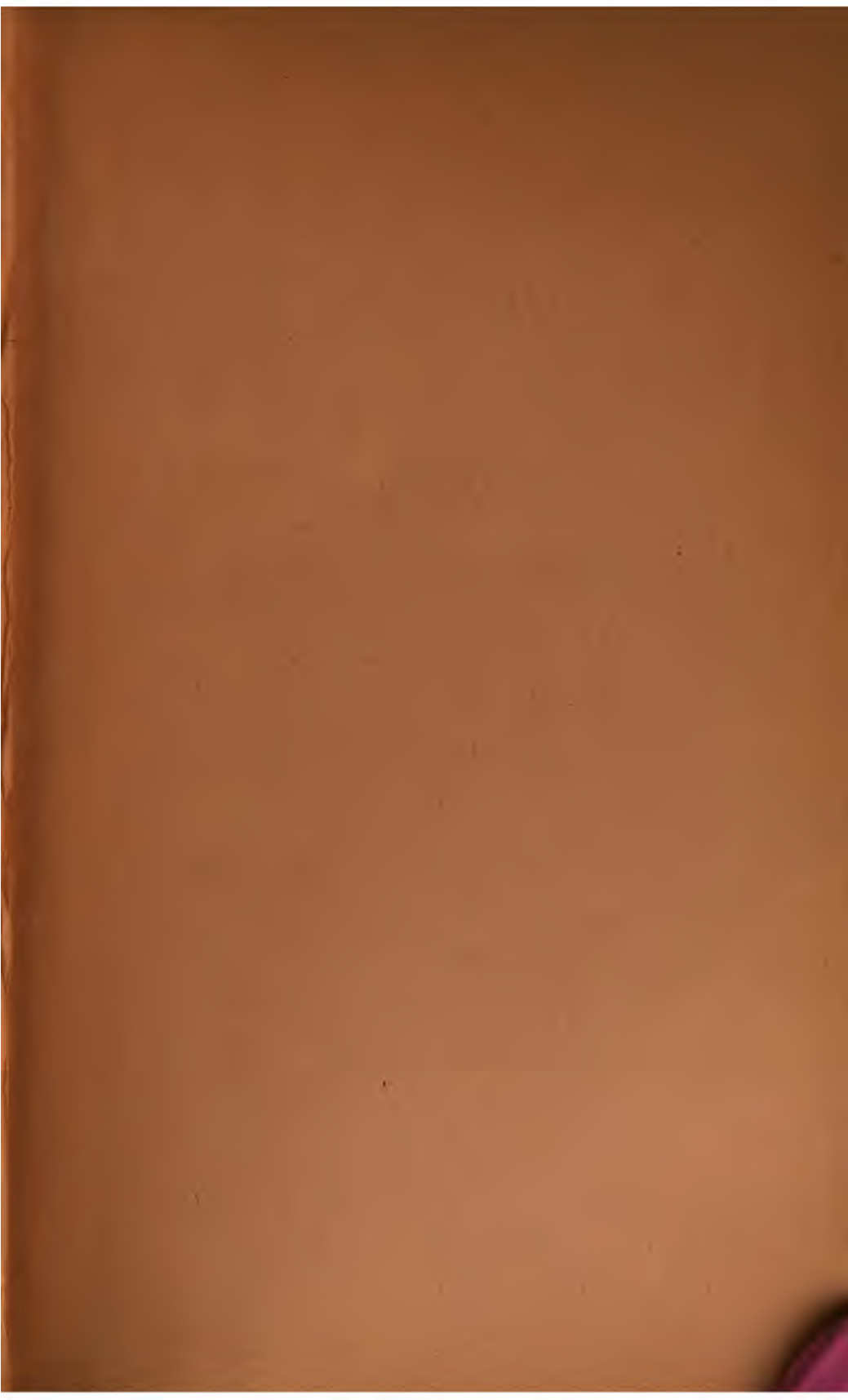
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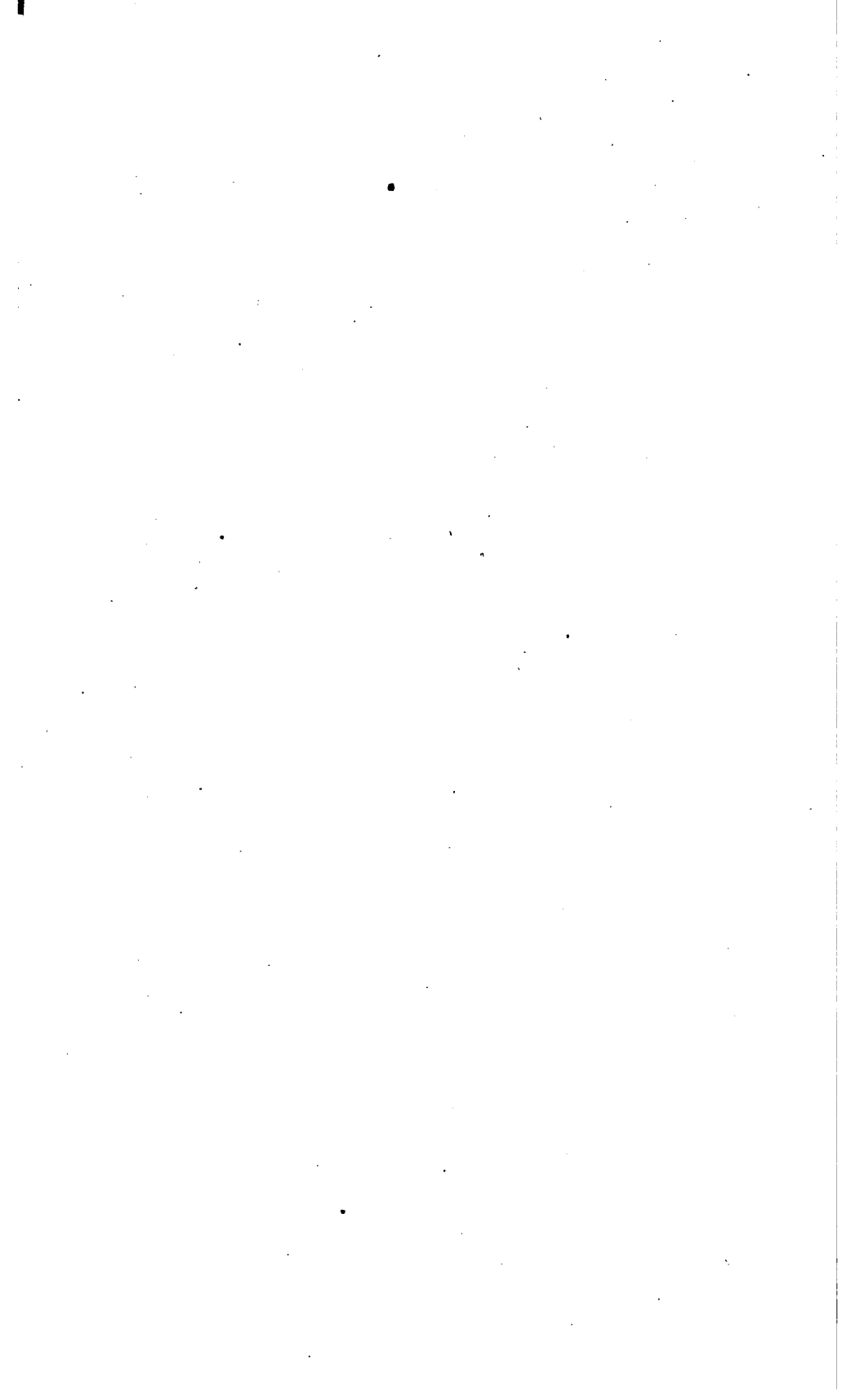
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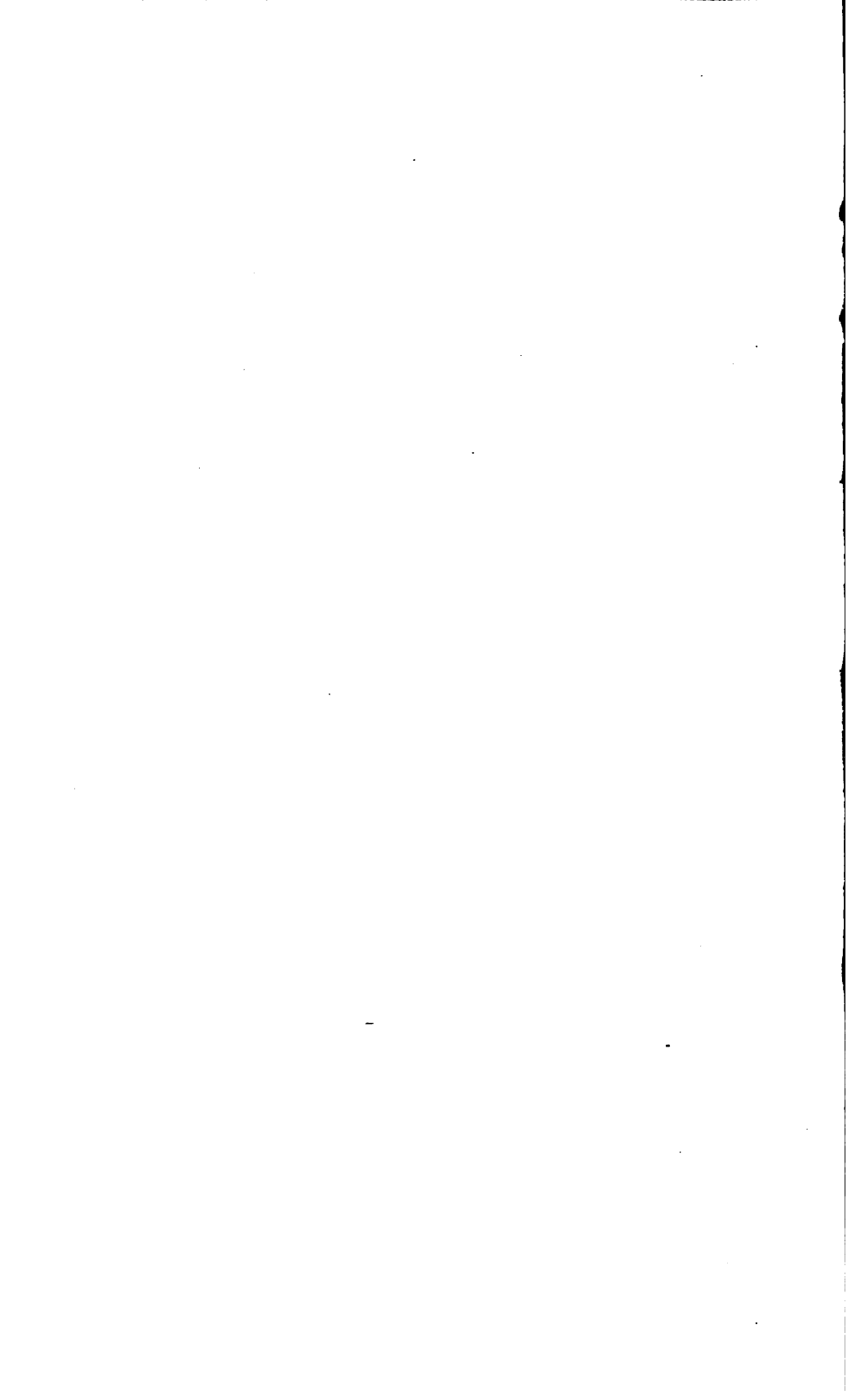
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# **The Acadian Proscript**

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**A HISTORICAL DRAMA**  
**IN FIVE ACTS**

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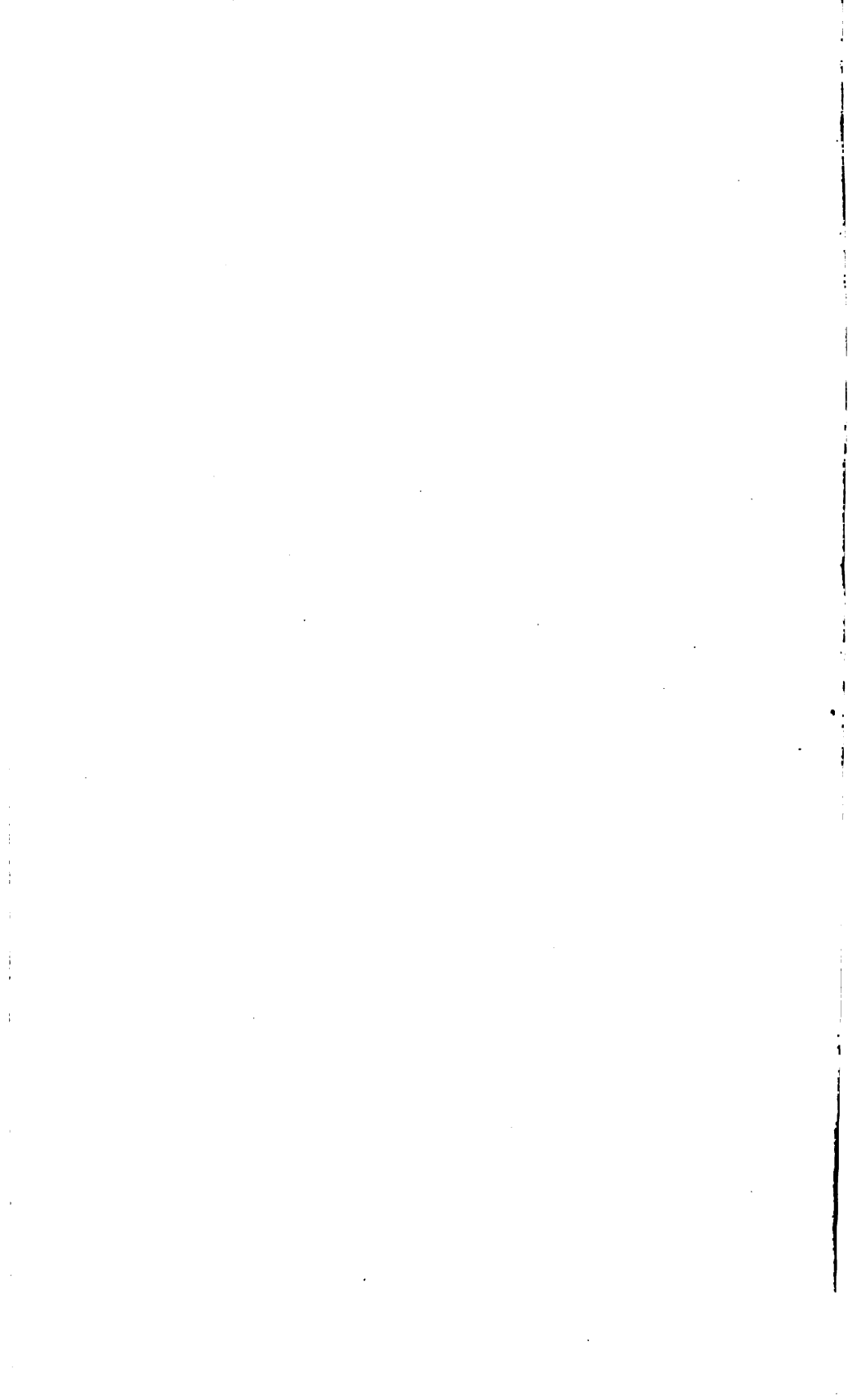


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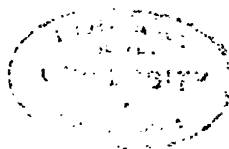


# ACADIAN DESCRIPT

A HISTORY OF THE

IN THE

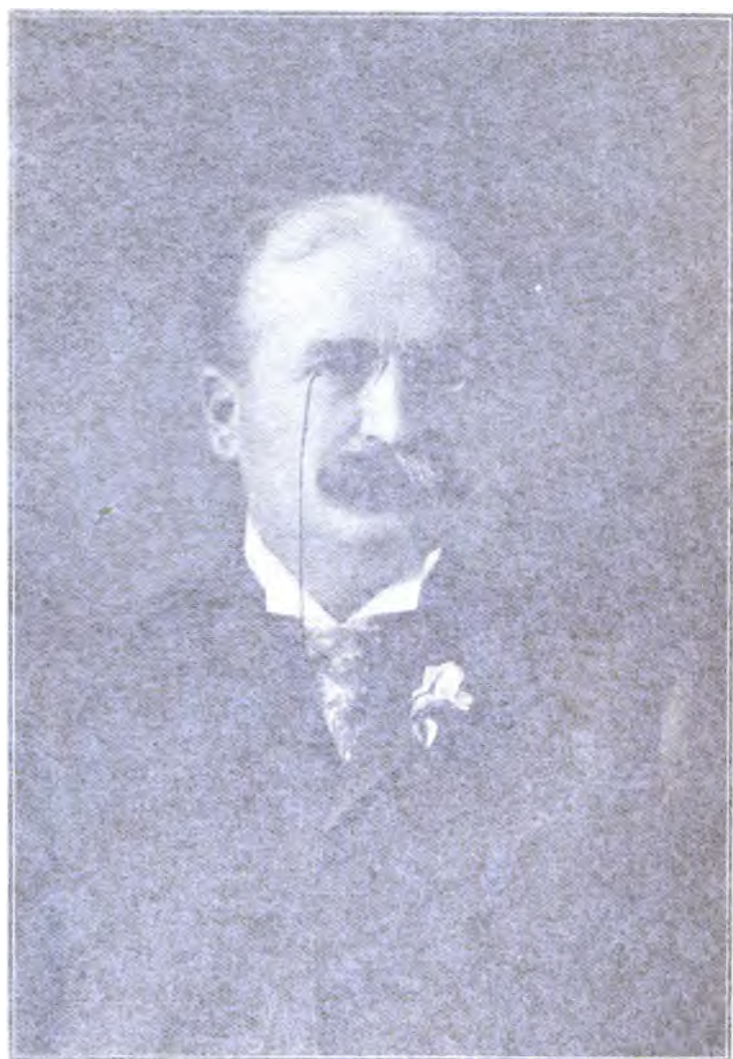
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OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



**THE**  
**ACADIAN PROSCRIPT**

**A HISTORICAL DRAMA**

**IN FIVE ACTS**

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**WALTER S. KERR**



**PRESS OF**  
**HARRINGTON - McINNIS COMPANY**  
**OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA**



**THE**  
**ACADIAN PROSCRIPT**

**A HISTORICAL DRAMA**

**IN FIVE ACTS**

---

**WALTER S. KERR**



**PRESS OF**  
**HARRINGTON - McINNIS COMPANY**  
**OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA**



12.17  
1907

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**1907**

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## CHARACTERS

### AS CONCEIVED IN THE PLAY

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#### GENERAL WINSLOW.

Large, florid, pompous at times, rather illiterate, affable, vain of his attire and vainer of his pedigree and although American born, a loyalist to the end. Much of his speech here is historical and his dramatic action closely follows the written record. His still extant portrait hangs on the walls of the Mass. Historical Society, in whose archives also is to be found "Winslow's Journal," giving in awful detail the primary facts of the unhappy part he took in the horrible Acadian Deportation. He died, I believe, during the American Revolution, a political refugee, forsaken, heart-broken and disgraced. The descendants of "La Tourmente" still hold his name in execration, a fate he does not at all deserve.

---

#### ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

Small statured, knotty looking but extremely dapper, wry-necked, quick-worded, raven voiced, thin faced, bushy browed, aged looking though young. He is autocratic with inferiors, obsequious to those above him in office and despises American generals and their methods of campaigning. Really a man of splendid ability and successful in his campaigns.

Costume, English admiral of his times.

---

#### GENERAL MONCTON.

Tall, lithe, handsome, pale, aristocratic, Voltairish, hawk-eyed, furtively keen, despising the American militia and colonial officers, illy concealing his contempt for military pretension wherever found. Middle aged (45 years).

---

#### GOV. CHARLES LAWRENCE.

Huge, bison-shouldered, bull-necked, deep voiced, ready and rough brained—a mightily forceful character. He formerly was a boat painter of obscure origin along the Thames and though inherently dishonest and relentlessly cruel in military methods he was a jolly, good natured man, loving physical sports and dancing. In fact, it was from a too sudden "cooling off" while over-heated from dancing that he contracted an illness from which he died. He alone, without any authority superior to the Nova Scotian council, planned (with the astute Judge Norris, of Massachusetts) the atrocity of the Acadian Expulsion. It speaks much of his military capacity by the fact that the whole intricate campaign of the Acadian Deportation was nearly

## THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

effected without the almost matchlessly cunning and politically dishonest hierarchy centralized at Quebec knowing anything about it. There is sufficient evidence to show that he divided much of the huge Acadian spoils with political favorites.

---

### MOISE DERNIER.

Small, alert, wiry, swarthy, weaselish in actions, speaking poor French and worse English concurrently with excessive gesticulation and exclamations. Acadian messenger and interpreter between the official French and English officers. He has a hairy appearance, with attire that is bizarre, gay and dirty.

---

### LIEUT. GOV. MASCARENE.

A splendid and handsome personality, engaging in manner, suave, benevolent and always smilingly serene, an official loved by the English and French alike; his administration was honest and liberal and sane. His was the only solution of the Acadian political problem, and had his superiors been as wise and just as he, the infamous suffering of the poor, misguided Acadians could easily have been averted. Costume civil.

---

### MARY NORRIS.

A Hamletish heroine whose character is discovered in the play.

---

### CAPT. MURRAY.

He attended the Acadian death trap at Fort Edward on the Pizaquid (spelled a half dozen ways) now Windsor, Nova Scotia, and his record is only a pen point of history. He was tempestuous but taciturn, a bushy looking, grayish red-faced, large boned Irishman, able and enjoying to an unusual degree the confidence of his American superiors. His one sore spot was the contempt and haughtiness of the English officers and the rally of the regular soldiers as to the valor of the short-termed American militia.

---

### CAPT. HANDIFIELD.

This young, ill-dressed and uneasy mannered officer watched the trap at Annapolis Royal, where he was unsuccessful. He is tall, narrow shouldered, hollow-eyed, and brazen at times in his very bashfulness while in the company of superior officers.

---

### JUDGE NORRIS.

This character baffles historical research, but it is known that he had the most intimate relations with some of the highest officials in America. He is represented here as one-eyed, very portly and well groomed, white-faced and bald, sleek, plausibly candid with the cunning of Beelzebub. His detail map to entrap the unsuspecting neutrals on Nova Scotia's Black Friday,—September 5th, 1755, "was the most atrocious snare over which a human tiger ever bent his malignant brain." History is certain and definite in only two of his infamous endeavors, the

## A HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

stealing of the Acadian boats and fire arms under the guise of friendship and hospitality, and the corralling of the devil-driven Acadians. His record before and after the summer months of 1755, so far as ascertained,—where born, where he died—is "Mute as a half fused epitaph in a deserted hell!"

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## ACADIAN CHARACTERISTICS

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The Acadians were ambitionless in everything except religion, in that as unreasoning and bigoted as serfs. Ethically unilluminated, spiritually short-visioned, few rose to higher flights than belly ideals. Not to obey a priest was almost unthinkable, to speak ill of the bishop a crime, and an infidel among them was a monster unknown. They bickered much over land lines, for their titles were uncertain, resting in alien lords, whose ownership was not recognized in English law. Excepting the Quakers, no other people that ever lived had less war blood in their arteries, and none other had as little of the half divine discontent in their souls. They loved peace so degenerately that they would not fight for it, and having no land titles patriotism was an emotion unknown.

They were an excrescence of faithless politics, and, prolific as rabbits, they soon became a numerous but denationalized people. It may be said there was no fear so terrible with them as the ecclesiastical lightnings except that of death itself, and an infamous missionary priest like La Loutre—the Aaron Burr of Nova Scotian French—was stronger than an English battalion. Though the French governors of Louisberg and Quebec were guilty of the most flagrant duplicity and governmental bad faith and dishonesty, there was a similar duplicity, a more ruthless dishonesty and an inexcusable greed throughout the whole latter course of administration of the English governors and their subordinates, excepting Mascarene alone. And the final act of the English in the Acadian Expulsion was a political error that shocked and still shocks the entire civilized world. In truth the moral and political standards of that age were shamefully low, and it should not be doubted at all that the Acadians themselves were as a people far superior in uprightness to the mother country that deserted them in their hours of misfortune or to the English who ambushed and assassinated the unprotected Acadian nation of more than ten thousand souls.

The Acadians had no schools, no books, no beggars, no bastards, no jails, no drunkards and no drones. There was never a pauper among them, and the Gaultiers and the LeBlancs were worth each more than a quarter of a million dollars. Nearly all were so illiterate that they could not read, and the record shows that few could write their names. They were vivacious, good talkers, and loved ballads and songs and simple tales. They were extremely prolific, reasonably industrious, foolishly stub-

## THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

born, kind-hearted and affectionate, loved bright attire, and had their frolics, their simple sports and holidays. Their religion was cut and dried, and only a few individuals towered above the peasant soul.

They had no sovereign, no titles, no progress, no law, and being neutral in politics, maphroditic in fealty, they inevitably became administrative grist and graft between two irreconcilable and bloody religious creeds.

They had swine, poultry, many horses and large herds of cattle. They raised flax for their linens, sheep for their woollens, and most families had an abundance of sometimes fine furs for protection from the often intensely rigorous winter storms. They had flouring mills, saw mills, blacksmith shops, and many ships that did a considerable coastwise trade. Their principal markets were at Louisberg and Quebec, selling as little to the English as they could. It was not uncommon for some of their vessels to journey to Martinique, and even so far away as France.

Their food was coarse, plentiful and little varied, fruit abundant, some of the best varieties of our apples, as the Jeanneton and the Bellefleur and others originating in the sunny Acadian valleys. After the French occupation of Acadia for one hundred and fifty years little more than three hundred and fifty acres were cleared for farming. They would not chop and hew and burn unless compelled by stern requirement. They did not know how, and they did not want to learn. Nearly all the settlers came from the dyked marsh lands of Rochelle France, where their clumsy shovels had dammed out the "wildest bay in the world"; here again their dykes held back the "crazy Bay of Fundy," sometimes with a tide sixty feet high. They were skillful in fishing, boating and muck farming; they were fair trappers in some parts, poor marksmen everywhere, splendid boatmen, expert human water rats, and they could not invent at all. Their farming tools were of the same crude character as those used in Palestine in early Bible times. Their dwellings were rude, poor and usually thatched with swamp grass, but there were some good houses among them, roofed with "shakes" and shielded with sawed lumber. It is said that there were many whitewashed cottages, surrounded with Old World flowers. A well-built church was the heart of every settlement.

No dark-eyed daughter in those garden fields snatched from the mighty tidal seas might wed till she could weave a pair of linen sheets, and no lover might take the weaver to wife till he could build himself a pair of solid wooden wheels and was rich enough to have a black ox or two for the ungainly pole. The newly wedded pair, sometimes married at fourteen years of age, went to housekeeping with the numerous presents of their relatives and friends. These may have been some poultry, a pair of oars, a cow, a horse, a net, a boat, furs or linen, a casque of rum or wine, and perhaps a spinning wheel, perhaps often a loom. A houseful of children was the result of nearly every wedlock.

A "proscript" was a legal outlaw, proscribed and publicly branded, somewhat as a fugitive slave, against whom a penalty of \$250 was placed by Governor Shirley, the Commander in General of the Colonial forces at the time, because the penalized had given aid to the French invasion across Nova Scotia in 1744-48.

## CURTAIN SCENE

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RIGHT, Minas Basin leading around Cape Blomidon, red-faced cliff 200 feet high, into Bay of Fundy, (unseen); dim sentinel mountains across the blue waters of the Basin to the E. N. E.

LOWER CENTER, broad, yellow wheat fields and meadows through which are seen dykes covered with willows and ditches with flood gates on them. Cattle and sheep grazing in small meadows; top extends to faintly outlined forest on N.

CENTER AND LEFT, Grand Pre', one long street of low white-washed, log and adz-hewn houses and grass-thatched huts. To left church, mission house, and blacksmith's shop. Ox carts, scythe, pigeon houses, stretched hides on buildings, nets hung on reels, boats, fowls, dogs, oars standing against house, etc.

Summer sunset-burst in red and yellow floods down on the scene from mighty forest bluff on the extreme LEFT. (Acadia, Nova Scotia, 1755. Summer.)



# THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HENRI GAUTIER.....	Jules Leblanc, the prosript.
MME. LEBLANC.....	Mother.
RENI LEBLANC.....	Father.
JEAN LEBLANC.....	Henri's sister.
RENIE LEBLANC.....	Brother.
FATHER LANDRY.....	Priest at Grand Pre'.
MOISE DERNIER.....	French courier, interpreter.
GENERAL MONCTON.....	English officer.
GENERAL WINSLOW.....	American officer.
CAPTAIN MURRAY.....	Colonial officer.
CAPTAIN HANDIFIELD.....	“ “
ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.....	English Naval Officer.
DAVEY .....	Colonial scout, ranger.
COLONEL MASCARENE.....	Lieut. Gov. Nova Scotia.
GENERAL LAWRENCE.....	Tyrant of Nova Scotia. Governor.
JUDGE NORRIS.....	American lawyer in employ of Lawrence.
MARY NORRIS.....	Daughter of Judge Norris. (Soldiers, horses, Acadian women, men and children, dogs. Summer of 1755; Acadia, Nova Scotia.)

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R—right of stage.  
L—left.  
C—center.  
F—front.  
D—door.  
E—Entrance, numbered.



THE  
ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

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GRAND PRÉ

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Street scene, Grand Pré. Summer evening. Acadian church from 3d L. E. to R. C. rear, with bell, one open window and door seen. Willows to left and Lombardy poplars to right of church door. Leblanc's house to R. 3d E. with alley beyond extending to R. C. with low stone fence of yard. Low rude houses R. to rear. Benches on each side of house door, stump seat near bench. Ox cart with shovels, forks and spades in it, pelts drying on house, bird cote on house, dog kennel, cider barrels on trestles by stone fence. Huge willow with public well and trough, L. Mission house (Priest's residence) seen through willows (L. C. 2d to 3d E.) door open. At rise, harvesters seen passing from alley behind house down street to exit behind church. Men, maids and elderly women, all in Acadian costume. Some singing. Leblanc, patriarchal, in reverie on crutch, and aged wife, knitting, seated on stump and he on bench by house door. Sun just setting.)

---

RENI

Where is Jean, dear?

MME. LEBLANC

Went to meet Gautier's ship from Martinique. Only one boat, Robichord's, had time to get in on the tide. She expects to hear from Jules. (*Three old women enter, unseen by Leblanc, chatter in old French, half heard, unnoticed by Leblanc. Old ladies idle, sit on bench.*)

RENI (*suddenly turning to women*)

What's that? A hundred soldiers from Halifax at Fort Edward at noon, may be here to-night? I do not like the smell of that. On a picnic! The cut throat villains, that is another scheme to trouble us.

(*Hobbles wrathfully around, is calmed by wife. Sits, dreams again. Renie, son, young, bounds over stone fence swinging a scarlet cloak.*)



## THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

RENIE L. (*son*)

Oh me, oh my, oh ma! (*Rushes up to mother.*) The most beautiful thing in the world.

(*Father silently rages at cloak's color. (Renie struts with cloak. Jean Leblanc appears beyond stone fence with three other lasses. Dressed gaily. They are singing, then enter.*

JEAN

Brother Jules will be in on the morning tide. No, at midnight, I mean. He sent the cloak by the first boats. He was busy and forgot till the tide was run out.

(*She sits by father, hands locked over his knee. Other girls chase Renie. (Father Landry seen coming down street from rear to front. Loving greetings. Suddenly the Angelus. Reverent silence. Omnes exeunt to church.*

## SCENE II.

(English captain with soldiers, travel worn, enter (R. 3d E.) file extending back beyond adjacent building. Break ranks, sit under willow, yawn, drink at well, etc., except Captain and Davey.)

CAPTAIN

We heard the pope's tongue and here is his stomach. (*Points to church.*) Now's the time to learn your nosey French. Who among you knows the grunt language, eh? You, Davey? Steal up there and hear them plotting against the English in their prayers. Better take off that coon skin crown of yours for if they get a squint at you through the chinks they might think you the devil.

(*Davey creeps up to church and listens. (Music in minors, very plaintive and sweet. Father Landry's voice is heard, talking old French.*

Ah! Ah! Davey, what do you hear? Better sneak in and swing the fire box for the priest.

(*Davey returns, subdued. Some of the soldiers crowd around him, questioningly.*

What did the old he devil say, eh?

DAVEY

He preaches submission, patience. Said men were all brothers and they should bear burdens becomingly. He

said that the English do not understand them, much else I can't remember. I felt like a wolf peeping through a sheepfold fence.

CAPTAIN

Davey will have a Neutral squaw wife yet. (*Soldiers laugh.*) He's half French already. Did he say anything about us at Halifax?

DAVEY

Yes; he seems to know all about our coming, but he's all at sea, what we are up to.

CAPTAIN

Ah, that's good. We are on a picnic and we want to pick. (*Winks.*)

(*Acadians come out of church, seem scared, assured by Father Landry. Soldiers rise. Captain and Davey approach and greet the priest.*)

### SCENE III.

CAPTAIN

My soldiers have been on an excursion to the posts to-day, Father, and we want to rest here to-night. Can you sup us, lodge us, say, two to a house? We will pay you well for hospitality.

FR. LANDRY

We want no pay. We will rest you, sup you, such as we have.

(*Priest calls out various names of his parishioners who each take two soldiers. Apparently 100 soldiers. At last all are gone except Fr. L. and Reni Leblanc. Sit.*)

RENI

What deep scheme is this, Father?

FR. L.

I do not know, it somewhat troubles me, though they spoke fair.

RENI

There's devilry in the wind. An English soldier follows bloody ruts. If he gets out, he locks arms with the devil. We cannot trust this Governor Lawrence down at Halifax.

(*Fr. L. paces back and forth restlessly. Sharply eyed by Reni. Then in a monotone as if talking partly to himself:*

FR. L.

I teach the brotherhood of man, yet force and blood rule the world. I do not understand. The Fathers at Louisberg and Quebec say beware! I learn of secret movements, strange actions of soldiers,—what does this mean? What is the meaning of it all? Father La Loutre says "Beware!" yet even he cannot unravel it. (*Turning suddenly to Reni, plaintively*) Reni, let us trust in God. He cannot desert us whatever may come. Submission—if thy enemy smite thy cheek—

RENI

Then turn the other cheek and let your enemy whack you on that. Cravens do that. No; (*Jumping up, fiercely hobbling around*) fight, fight, that is the law of nature. (*Brandishing his crutch.*) If the wild beast spring at me I shoot to kill. Do not the stronger kill the weaker all through nature? Even song birds fight at mating time to the death. Ah! Father, nature is full of horns and teeth and tusks and stings and talons.

FR. L.

Yes, nature is full, as you say, of horns, fangs, stings, talons, but so is nature full of motherhood. What is motherhood? What is love? Are these not the answer to all our doubts? (*Sits.*)

RENI

Motherhood? Teeth and fangs and talons that she may raise to bloody strength other teeth, and stings and fangs and talons. Love may answer all, Father, may answer all,—in paradise.

(*Hobbles around in wrath. Furtively  
watched by Landry. Sits on bench  
by house, red-faced and perspiring.*)

FR. L. (*rising*)

Ah! Reni brooding much against the English and at things no human hand can help has addled thy kindly blood. We must hope for the best. Keep your doubts from others, let us do the best that lies within us and trust to God for guidance and safety. It is getting late, Reni, I will go. Good-night. (*Exit through willows to mission.*)

RENI

Submission! That means, allow the English to rob me. Patience? Standing idly while I am wronged. (*Reverie.*) The lights are all out, it must be mid-

night, I cannot see the way, the end. (*Reverie, lights slowly extinguished.*) All the Fathers say "Beware!"

(*Rises, pantomime, anger, wrath, doubt, fear, despair. Goes to his house steps, stops, hesitates, shakes crutch at the silent street, goes half way in door, returns and shakes fist down the silent dimly seen street. Exit in house.*)

## SCENE IV.

(Street scene as before but shadowy. Soldiers seen stealing along houses carrying guns. Gather stealthily around their captain, whispering, excited, disheveled, breathless.)

1ST SOLDIER

See, here is a handful of their beads. (*Tears them in twain.*) These are the things they count their lies with.

2d. S. (*With three guns and a pistol in his arms.*)

I made a catch, the best of this midnight picnic. (*Laughs.*)

DAVEY (*Coming out of Leblanc's house.*)

I broke the locks of several old man killers near the garden there. I waited an hour for that old long hair to go to sleep. (*Points to Leblanc's house.*) I think he's cracked at the top. I found a red silk cloak, a little lad had it in his clutch as he slept. When I'd pull he'd clutch it while sound asleep. I'd wait and then pull a little more, and he'd clutch again. Well, I got a little more each time but I think it was an hour before I got it. As I paused at the door, looking back the little imp raised up and clutched around in the dark and cried.

(*Soldiers examine cloak, laughing. Are joined by others with other guns. Faint commotion seen at lower end of street.*)

Yes; as I left him,—I can see him yet as he screwed up his little face and cried.

A SOLDIER

Give the coat to me, Davey, for my little boy down at Salem.

ANOTHER S.

Let me have it for the General's new son down at Marshfield.

(*Soldiers discovered by Acadians. Wild escape. Renie L. comes rushing out in*

*(his night robe weeping. Davey hides  
(by kennel and as Renie runs past  
(catches him and quickly fastens cloak  
(around him. Kisses him and flees.*

RENI L.

Je vous remercie—God. *(Rushes in house.)  
(Jules Leblanc—Henri Gauthier, the  
(proscript, rushes in followed by Acad-  
(ians. Great commotion and excite-  
(ment. Henri pursues and returns.*

HENRI

Fools, Fools! They have stolen your boats and guns.  
*(Reni L. comes ragingly hobbling out  
(of house. Strides up to son.*

RENI

Take after them, bring them back. *(Shouts and  
cries of rage. (Pursuit continues and only father and  
son left together.)* Why do you not follow those  
thieves, follow them to the very gates of Halifax? You  
seem to love that treacherous spot.

HENRI

Father!

RENI

Answer me. *(Pause.)* Is a Delilah there?

HENRI *(Hesitatingly)*

Father—I—

RENI

Answer me. Is a she devil, Delilah there? *(Fiercely.)  
(Father sees guilt in son's attitude and  
(folds his head in arms as if stricken.*

HENRI

Father!

*(Curtain.)*



## SETTING THE SNARE

### ACT II.

(Governor's House, Halifax, N. S., 1755. Huge, dark, rude, illy furnished; yawning fireplace at back, mantle above with lighted candle to right. Door R. rear. Alcove with balcony on right, window at back, portieres (skins) before alcove door, steps. Grand Entrance, corner L. rear. Standards and England's arms above fireplace inscribed,

"GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S., MDCCXLIX, GEORGE II REX."

Set prison shows on L., with wicket entrance to door, barred window. Dais with table and governor's chair front, chair R. of table.

Night, storm impending, lightnings reveal distant mountains through open Grand Entrance. Lights down. Judge Norris discovered at rise with goose quill pen poring over map at table.

### SCENE I.

NORRIS

Here every road and trail I mark in red,—  
The Shubencadie water route divides  
The ambushed forest from the garden patches—  
A Micmac vein of instigated murders  
That runs with blood of English citizens;  
The right to Cobequid—a hundred families;  
The other to Fort Edward—Pizaquid—  
(A treacherous tide to jerk an anchor out  
Or batter in a transport's hull). Let's see!  
Ah! Here's a forest trail to Pizaquid  
(That's where the limestone mines are dug, I'm told)  
Prowled over by those devil doing Micmacs.  
Mark! Ugh! Halifax route to Murray. Well!  
There winding westward 'round the Basin edges,  
The Up and Lower Trails that lead to Grand Pre'—

*(Distant thunder, he stops, listens.)*

'Cross Gaspereau, Cannard and Habitant—  
Those ferries trouble me; mark: two thousand families.  
Oh damn their venery, they breed like minks;—  
'Twill take least half the stinking sloops of Boston  
To dump these alien herds per two a ton  
In our Colonial pens. Huh! we'll catch them first.  
There Winslow goes with his three companies  
To gather up these black maned heretics,—  
At Grand Pre', paradise for world lost peasants!

*(Occasional sheet lightning, storm getting closer.)*

Cobequid to Tatamagousche, a trail  
 I'll mark it with some double daggers, umph!  
 Dernier who knows the country like a book  
 Relates a perfect garden blooms around  
 The Minas Basin,—cattle, horses, hogs,  
 And barns aburst with grain, and orchards,—  
 The windfalls cover the ground four deep!  
 Bellefleur, Jeanettons, the Pride of Normandie  
 Lord! Lord!

*(Fierce lightnings, occasional thunder.*

That ten league boundary road, Bay Verte!

On these eight rivers of the Chegnectou,  
 Ha! ha! I've learned to fling their nosey names  
 As if I had a Neutral womb,—I think  
 We'll have a lot of fighting French.  
 Loutre, religious wolf, empoisons them.  
 He's got the cunning of Beelzebub,  
 And if he gets a hint he'll herd them off,  
 The cattle, grain, the whole possessions—ah!

*(Startled meditation, half rises.*

And cut the dykes and make a swamp of all!  
 I'll put a run of daggers like a wall  
 Across this Bay Verte trail, mark! for Lawrence.  
 There's a racial fester point of settlement  
 Beyond the Misaguesche, the Beau Sejour,—  
 Ah! that black wolf has only one design;

*(Rises, with map in hand, crosses to  
 Grand Entrance and looks out. Comes  
 down L. C. front.*

Only design,—to start the Gallic germ  
 Of land greed 'mong these fatwit wolverines,—*(Sits.)*  
*(Governor Lawrence appears at door R.  
 rear. Listens, rain begins to pour.  
 Norris looking at map.*

To gorge at last on our New England pudding.  
 They steal the bait of all our traps and snares  
 And do not leave a pinch of hide to show it.

*(Holds map aloft.*

Never before was drawn a map like this!  
*(Lawrence suddenly enters. Hangs  
 cloak on alcove wall.*

## SCENE II.

*(Scene same)*

LAWRENCE

And may it please the Court I heard just now  
 A most judicial voice that spoke of pudding.

What! pudding? English pudding, raisins in?  
 And Cognac sauce? Then wash it down with rum?  
 With rum from Martinique, and then a pipe?

*(Takes Governor's chair, to right of table.)*

And that's why Judge, Old England rules the world.

*(Takes map from Norris and scrutinizes it. Sharp thunder crack. He rises, crosses to Grand E., looks out, closes door and snuffs candle on mantle, re-turns to his chair. Norris now seated opposite.)*

A storm is on to-night, my learned friend,  
 Huh! Heaven's cracked in twain. How go your maps?

*(Storm has set in with steady fierceness. Norris nervous, but with cat-like tread, is pacing from R. to L. front. At prison window, looks in. Shakes bars as if to test their security.)*

NORRIS *(peering in prison)*

Wretched! Like this, too many holes of refuge,  
 Quebec, St. Jean, and Louisberg, and trails  
 Loopholes and highways, Indians, guns and French  
 Upon the Misaguesche—

LAWRENCE

I whipped them once,  
 Up there in that official corner, damn 'em!  
 And General Moncton ere another moon,  
 With his three hundred regulars, but broidered  
 With least three thousand ragged Shirley scrubs,—  
 How he despises them! will clean that neck  
 And then ship down and help us snare these fish—  
 Mud cats that wallow in their stinking flats  
 Around the Minas Basin; such a string!—  
 The world will wonder for a thousand years.

*(Norris crosses to his chair, sits. Lawrence rises and walks to candle, snuffs it, opens door of Grand E., looks out. Lightning shows high wind shaking an elm at the door. Comes down L. C. stands by his chair.)*

Ah! this four headed fork of war campaign,  
 Champlain, Oswego, Quebec and Duquesne—  
 Will sweep this country clean of racial rubbish,  
 That's rotted in our cradle all too long!



NORRIS

They have some French up there upon the Neck.  
A different breed of cattle; they will fight.

LAWRENCE (*Sits*)

Our fort up there's the sesame. They fight?  
Perhaps, perhaps, the devil only knows. (*Rises.*)  
(*Paces L. to R. front.*)  
They've grown a length of deviltry and daring  
Against the English crown for forty years.  
They're shifty rascals with these backdoor routes  
To all the legal French dominions, Judge;  
They give in war times comfort to the enemy  
With stock and fruit and grain since good Queen Ann.  
We beg and fight to get enough to eat,  
While all the surplus fat flies through at night  
That Bay Verte secret route to Louisberg;  
While Quebec sends her ablest tonsured spies—  
To stir these Neutral devils to distrust.  
You know as well as I their nasty history,—  
It makes my blood boil up to think of it.  
They pay no tax, nor aid, nor run, but stay  
Like ticks upon the body of a lamb  
Nor care a tinker's damn for all our threats.

NORRIS (*Rises excitedly and follows Lawrence*)

And blue coat prisoners on Rouse's ships  
Say Louisberg has raised her scalp rewards;  
That they have seen but four days since scalp locks,—

(*Indicates length of a yard.*)

LAWRENCE (*Both at extreme C. front.*)

Women by God! And has it come to that?  
These nations play at peace and friendship  
While Braddock with two thousand regulars  
Is marching on Duquesne. He'll chase them out  
But we'll catch ours!

(*Hoarse whisper in Norris' ear last line. They go in alcove and take wine. The rear door opens stealthily and Henri Gautier, disguised, appears; listening at alcove window in rear. Both sit. Tankard on table, lighted candle, glasses.*)

NORRIS (*cautiously*)

But yet the London Board?

LAWRENCE (*boisterously*)

Oh! damn your London Board. They're hares or worse.  
Old Robinson is smoother than metheglin.  
One needs to read between his peaceful lines.  
He dares not write direct their wants for fear—  
The cost may spoil the flavor of the fruit.

*(Drinks greedily.)*

Ah! indecision in a minister  
Waits on misfortune and oblivion.  
There's difference wide as here to hell between  
Delayed pursuit and full possession, Judge.

NORRIS (*sips daintily*)

From here to hell? Perhaps we'll cover it  
Quickly enough the pace we're going now.

LAWRENCE

Bah! Hide your law books if you're making history;  
The law comes after, we are precedents.  
I damn these grunt nose gabblers, A to zed,  
I damn them for the other friends they've got;  
I damn them for the friends they seem to be.  
They are a poisonous thorn in England's side  
That's festered there for forty troubled years,  
Against our laws, religion, English pride,  
The honor of ambitious men like Phillips.

*(He rises in rage. Henri who has  
retired from view appears again.)*

I'll root them out, I spill and scatter them  
To any corner of God's world. Your map! (*Sits.*)  
Let's see your cursed map.

*(Rushes out and gets map. Returns,  
both seated poring over map. Dumb  
play by Henri.)*

Your roads,—red vipers!

NORRIS

A nest of vipers that they wriggle through.

LAWRENCE

Cornwallis showed that fearful cabinet  
The way to raise these stingy rascals out,—  
To flank them with a colonizing wedge.  
Yet Lord! Here builded in a rocky hell!

*(Throws map down violently, rises, then  
clutches it. Both drink again and go  
out to dais and sit.)*

If he depended on this place to victual him

He'd dine on stone, pine needles, Micmac peas,  
 Ah! that's a ration no one loves to take,  
 With fog and rocks and rocks and fog for pudding;  
 A nerveless cabinet for pipe and sword  
 And double meaning letters for my dreams.

*(Looks at crumpled map. Henri sneaks  
 into alcove.)*

These daggers few or more you've stabbed your map with.

NORRIS

Why soldiers placed to net the flying chattles.

LAWRENCE

The beaters of the bush! Ah ha! Um!  
 These spots of blood?

NORRIS

Acadian churches burned.  
*(Lawrence seems in a reverie. Starts.)*

LAWRENCE

A dream I had! It seemed I were awake.  
 I shudder but to think of it! These digits?

NORRIS

They're two a ton for Governor Shirley's ships  
*(Lawrence jumps up startled.)*

LAWRENCE

Sh! Hold! For God's sake are you auctioneer  
 Of our deep plans?

*(Goes to Grand E., opens door and  
 looks out furtively. Storm still rages;  
 rain and lightning.)*

Those voices in the wind!

This starved elm out here does swing her arms  
 Like a mad witch.

*(Slams door, holds it shut defiantly,  
 then comes back to Norris.)*

Ah! Norris! Such a storm!

The mocking winds cry down our mudstick chimneys  
 And laugh and gurgle at our log-house chinks—  
 A storm like this unpurposes.

*(Sits on bench, left front.)*

NORRIS

Yes, governor!

To-morrow comes those hundred deputies.  
 What do you purpose?

LAWRENCE *(in reverie)*

To have a tusky hag with green cat eyes  
 Play hide and seek with one through all the night.

Over the footrail, sniffing now and then  
 And looking at her grisly talons—"Peep!"  
 She'd squawk, her cat eyes on me gleamingly;  
 "Wake Lawrence, Lawrence, it is raining blood!  
 Wake Lawrence, Lawrence! it is raining blood."

NORRIS (*infected with fear*)

We do not care for dreams. Last night—myself—

LAWRENCE

Ah Norris, Norris! Tell it, tell it me.

(*Henri listening within alcove.*)

NORRIS

I saw a lengthwise striped tiger, faugh!  
 With a man's head on, dancing with a lamb.  
 Why striped lengthwise? Tell me that. A lamb?  
 I laugh at that. A superstitious fool  
 Interpreting in ancient times—for kings—

(*Walks nervously.*)

LAWRENCE (*Fierce vigor*)

The head! The face! the striped tiger's face  
 Had it a human look, or tongue—or—such?

NORRIS

I do not wish to speak—I mean—I saw—  
 That is not clearly.

LAWRENCE

Tell me, was it I?

NORRIS

Upon the Book, 'twas not,—myself, ha, ha, ha!

LAWRENCE

With goose quill on your legal ear. (*Laughs.*)

NORRIS

Faugh! Faugh!

LAWRENCE

And did you eat your gentle partner up?

(*Feigned hilarity of both.*)

A minuet! A tiger with a lamb!

Ah, what a dance was that my countryman.

(*Laughs nervously; Henri steals out,  
 leaving door open.*)

Sh! Did you hear that, Judge?

(*Both listen.*)

NORRIS (*Sourly*)

I heard no noise.

LAWRENCE

By all the gods, a creaking boot! That's French.  
 (*Looks everywhere.*)

NORRIS (*acridly*)

The creaking of your brain. Perhaps your hag  
Is perching on your witchtree like an owl  
Hooting calamity and bloody rain.

*(Storm has about passed.)*

LAWRENCE

Or calling out cotillion turns to you,  
A lengthwise striped tiger with a lamb!

*(Loud laugh by Lawrence suddenly  
(checked as a pair of bats flicker  
through the room. Continuous sharp  
lightning of receding storm. No thun-  
der. Door open, candle flares.)*

What ails the candle light? Those damned imps  
Are bringing evil. See them! Candle snuffers!  
You witches' messengers, you hell-birds, out!

*(Strikes at them, chases them, knocks  
candle off mantle. Lights out. Strange  
sounds, (made by Norris). Final  
sharp thunder crack. Lawrence grop-  
ing in darkness.)*

Help, Norris, Norris! Are you there? Ough! Ough!  
She strikes at my neck! She clutches at my throat!

*(Lights up slowly. Lawrence seen re-  
covering from a paroxysm of fear. Nor-  
ris relights candle and places it on  
table. Lights on full.)*

The storm is full—is full—of ugly spirits,  
As if the lightning scorched them out their holes.  
Let's out of this—let's out of this! My coat!

*(The candle sputters a moment or two  
(and light sinks low. Lights low.)*

The candle! (*shouts*) Sick of this dismal hole  
As I am—every turn is faced with danger.

'Twas soon unbearable to those before us.

Those hell-birds, where have they gone? Candle's out!

*(Screams.)*

*(Norris hastily brings lighted candle  
(from the alcove. Tries to appear calm.)*

NORRIS (*Ready to go*)

Why stay? What gain? What good? What honor here?

*(Lawrence crosses to 3d E. L. ready to  
(go out. Norris fastens doors and win-  
dows ready to blow out light.)*

LAWRENCE (*Restless at door L.*)

To do what others failed in; getting salvage

Perhaps along the legal precipices—  
 So rich—enough to still the moral clamor  
 By fair division with New England friends. (*Harsh  
 laugh.*)

NORRIS (*Blowing out light*)

And make the record sweeter than the deed. (*Exeunt.*)  
 (*Henri enters at rear door, relights candle  
 and looks out window L.*)

HENRI

Hell cannot vomit up a pair like this!  
 You vile conspirators!

(*Sudden bright flash of lightning.*)

Ha! a petticoat!

She watches them. Ah! that's a witch not counted.

(*Sound of approaching footsteps. He  
 hides in prison. Norris re-enters,—  
 stares at candle.*)

NORRIS

How comes that candle lighted now? Forgot?  
 As sure as hell is packed four deep with Jews  
 I snuffed that dip; and now it's lit!

(*Whistles softly and stares. Seats him-  
 self at table and picks up map.*)

I'll finish this. He's set my nerves on edge.  
 If I were sure the London Board's assent—  
 Authority rests with it not Lawrence,—I  
 What's that?

(*Henri makes screech owl's cry. Norris  
 jumps up.*)

I cannot work to-night. That candle!  
 (*Stands in deep thought C. front staring  
 at floor.*)

## SCENE II.

(*Mary Norris enters slyly L. and springs  
 at her father. Lights on full.*)

MARY

Booh!

FATHER

Christus, daughter, how you startled me!  
 What do you want? Why maunder 'round this hour?  
 It's ten o'clock at least. It's raining cats!

(*She casts cloak on chair; sit opposite  
 at table.*)



MARY

Too little or too much, that's why I came.  
Is it a bug I see?

*(Father unnerved, aroused, hesitates,  
(goes into alcove, drinks quickly. She  
(sips, watching him keenly. Henri  
(makes his escape out rear door.*

FATHER *(assumed calmness)*

You are no key hole miss,—you seem to charge  
Your father taking secret parts. This map—  
Is nothing wrong.

MARY

That map! It's murderous.

FATHER *(rising)*

Mary, pray tell me what is in your heart.  
*(She rises and puts her arms around  
(his neck.*

MARY *(brokenly)*

My father, do not tell me—what—I hope  
Is not a-slumber in your own. Today—

FATHER *(pushing her away angrily; she sits)*

A spy might fill your heart's circumference,  
And satisfy your wicked, empty guesses.  
This Gautier that you've been smiling on—  
This double-dealing Hotspur from the herd—  
Is nothing more, perhaps a little less—  
You smile, still smile at charge like that!

MARY

I smile,

A Cumberland, grand-daughter of an earl  
That's linked to sovereigns, no key hole maid,  
Nor mistress of a spy; my mother's daughter.  
This Gautier, if beggar, spy or slave,  
Enstains me less than you with such a charge.

FATHER

This constant crooning o'er your lineage,  
To cast reflections on your new soil birth!  
No one is royal save by deeds for good  
Of God and man. What have you done, my child,  
To merit your beloved pedigree?  
Your dear dead mother left the dolessness  
Of dukes and titled fools and clung to me.  
Her empty life grew sane with love and work,  
Nor later sought to gain more stature here  
By borrowing meal from her ancestral bins.  
One's name is glass or diamonds as they wear it.



MARY

I'm neither gems or paste; I'm flesh and blood,  
 With woman's blind compassion for the blind,  
 Fearing not man nor devil for the right.  
 I came in grace to ask a filial question,  
 Not peck at new and secret sores of conscience.

*(Goes to window in alcove, then returns  
 and faces father.)*

And when I love—if he be prince or slave,  
 Ah more, were he Acadian proscrip, spy,  
 Angel or devil, then will I defend him  
 And follow to the very depths of hell.

FATHER

A very fine speech—for seminaries,  
 But daughter, truce to differences. Now—  
 Accomplishment of State necessities,  
 Politic acts that reach beyond sane action,  
 Diplomacy of unripe ministers and such—  
 Greed pettifogging with legality;—ah well!  
 I'm charged to tend a mighty stew of state.  
 These things you can not understand, my daughter.  
 You—poke your nose too free in subtleties.  
 This stew—I need no lady scullions—yet.

MARY

O simplify for conscience's sake! A stew?  
 Say rather human chestnuts in a fire  
 And you the scullion cat's paw of a tyrant.

FATHER *(Jumping up, shouts)*

Renounce that word! It is a brazen lie.

MARY *(Hissingly in his face)*

Secret scullion to a coward tyrant! You!  
 It's brazen truth and here is your conviction.

*(Shakes the map at him.)*

FATHER *(Snatching map)*

I will disown you, you dishonoring child.

MARY

Dishonor by disheritance? You? You?  
 Father! That name already is enough  
 And soon your reputation past endurance.

*(She goes slowly out into main room  
 and casts herself in big chair, with face  
 hidden in extended arms across table.  
 (Father slowly follows with candle and  
 map and sits in other chair, staring at  
 her, then at the map, in silence. Un-  
 rolls it and blinks through tears.)*

FATHER (*Broken voice*)

What have I caught in this accursed map.

(*Slowly tears it up. Mary lifts face  
from arms on table.*)

MARY

That we were back in Hingham with our friends!

(*Norris prepares to leave.*)

FATHER (*Falteringly*)

I'm going, daughter, I—

MARY (*Rising, despairingly*)

To hell, or—Hingham?

FATHER

To Hingham, or—to hell if you will come.

MARY

Papa, I did not—mean—I,—my cloak, you see—

(*He holds out his arms, she glides in,  
embrace. He releases her and goes  
to door. Looking out window L.*)

FATHER

The storm is passed. Put out the light. Be sure.

The storm—is—passed. I'll go on slowly, dear. (*Exit.*)

(*Suddenly returns.*)

That candle's not to be trusted, throw it out. (*Exit.*)

MARY

Like Truth the more you snuff it out, the more it flames.

(*Picking up candle tenderly.*)

I need a flame like that within—within. (*Ponders.*)

One little storm is passed, a greater just begun,

A hurricane of wrath and shame and wrong.

(*Sinks down in chair and weeps.*)

#### SCENE IV.

(*Mary arises and fastens all the windows and doors except door rear. She puts on cloak and seems about to depart. There is a peculiar knock at back door. She comes down front coldly agitated. Full light; music. Knock more insistent, repeated. She turns toward the door, standing at L. C. front. Conflicting emotions. Knocking peculiar, once more.*)

MARY

Come in. (*Pause.*) Come in.

(*Henri enters, throwing cloak aside and advancing with delight and extended hand. She puts her hands behind her.*)

This is a night of ghosts.

HENRI

Of storms and angels. (*Gaily.*)

MARY

Also foolish speeches.

HENRI

And you are fuller still of wit and beauty.

MARY

(*Secretly trying to hide evidence of tears.*)

I would that you were less the courtier,  
Your words more sane. What do you here?

HENRI (*Sighing*)

My heart is sore with unseen evils. You—  
A star 'mong poisoned rains—the secret lightnings—  
You—Pain forgetting Joy doth leap across  
Our darkened skies,—another Helen—er! you—

MARY

You mix your metaphors, mythology,  
Your sentiment and sense. How did you pass?

HENRI

All English pass. (*Smiles knowingly.*)

MARY

And then the guard parole?

HENRI

Diplomacy, audacity and—shillings,  
Shillings! The dreams of peasants, fools and kings.  
Are you surprised to see me here and happy. (*Sits.*)

MARY

Who happy, you or I? Audacity?  
I'll turn it. I'm surprised you're here and happy.  
That makes much more for modesty and me.

HENRI

"That makes much more for modesty and me." (*Repeating.*)

You've m's enough to stock a nursery  
But not the necessary M to start one.  
Come sit with me. (*Pleadingly.*)

MARY

And do you think, my friend,  
That you have m's enough for modesty?  
By what strange law of hospitality  
Your pain-forgetting joy steals in  
A place like this at such dishonored hour—  
I do not see excuse, sir (*haughtily*).

HENRI

Diplomacy!

And Mary Norris,—you—your modest brow  
Could quell a mob of drunken satyrs.  
You serve a light of chastity that blinds  
And quicker halts than glint of raised swords.

MARY

Oh patience! More I say in earnestness  
The less you mean. Where are you? Where?  
How can one find your manhood in these husks  
Of specious flattery?

HENRI

I'm lost,

And have been ever since I saw you first.  
Believe me this is manly earnestness.  
Without you I am lost and with you—

MARY (*Gaily*)

Then I am lost. I'll sit a moment there.  
But mark! That light you spoke a moment since  
Would teach sobriety of words. (*Sits.*) Accept?

HENRI

Not I; it is impossible.

MARY

Any why?

HENRI

For fear my sober tongue gets honest drunk.

MARY

O fie! I'm sick of insincerity;  
Continual blandishments disgust at last.  
I'm not a silly girl, nor yet—so very wise,  
But I do love a straight and manly speech.

HENRI

Were it not rude I'd say that your pretence  
That I am not sincere was potent proof  
Of—insincerity. I trust my eyes,  
My ears, my heart, you satisfy them all.  
You've often seen some work of Nature's gods,  
A dusk, a dawn, a thoughtful lake adream,  
A molten stairway in the even's hush  
Laid on the lambent bay to paradise;  
A stilled October noon with dropping fruits  
Anipped to pleasant taste by gentle frosts.  
So you to me, a dusk, a dawn, a noon,  
A stairway leading on to heavenly things,  
And yet a gentle frost to ripen friendship.

MARY (*Smiling seriously*)

Your tongue is musically drunk at least.  
It makes one's head run 'round to listen, sir.  
So here's my hand in promise to your praises  
For all my uselessness—I will not charge  
You insincerity for least,—a minute.

HENRI

Ah what a boon that is! And may I breathe?

MARY

It all depends, sir, what you're drunk on.  
(*He tries to retain her hand.*  
Stop!

Now—Henri—in your pleasant words do tell  
The inner meaning of this controversy;  
This shuffling lion and the dodging hares.  
No logical embellishments will suit;  
No tedious history or palliation;  
I want the naked insolence of truth,  
Facts to bite out the rottenness of records,  
Whether of English or French. Now tell me.

HENRI

(*Takes her half-resisting hand.*  
Since you give hand to my sincerity  
I'll give you sober lips to history,  
And hope my words may be as fair as this:  
(*Kisses her hand. She snatches hand*  
(*away rather ungently.*

Ah! you will rob me of your friendly hand?  
It would incentive me to hold me fair.  
(*He rises and walks back and forth as*  
(*he speaks.*

It is a dull tale with no music in it; a sad tale so full of misconceptions of our character, our aims since first the English touched our lives, after the treaty of Utrecht, that I despair of any English mind to see it clearly.

You people commenced it wrong some forty years ago. You first wanted our fathers to take an Oath of Sovereignty to your Queen Ann when our King Louis ceded Nova Scotia to her, a silly trade by short visioned ministers.

Was it in our blood to live under English protestants? Our aims, spirits, laws, pride, religion, all were different. How could we?

After the war was stopped your queen wrote to the double dealing General Nicholson, who won the battle

at the Port,—he misgoverned there, a most gracious letter. And what did she tell him?

She wrote that if we had mind to go not to hinder us in selling our lands and carrying away our movables. That if we chose to stay he was to give us free right of our religion and properties just as fully as that of any Englishman.

That's in your record without mutilation. Not a word was said about an oath of sovereignty in the treaty or the letter from the queen.

Well, the French prepared to leave, many of them left in some parts. In the spring of 1714, the year after the treaty, not a seed was planted. So says Reni Leblanc up at Grand Pre'. He knows.

Some agents from Louisberg came and we swore anew allegiance to our King. Was that not right? Now listen, Mary Norris, for here all the trouble started.

General Nicholson, avaricious, little minded, full of pride, got a big salary for his little battle at Port Royal. This was a big territory, paid nothing to our own king and you know England has a greed for soil. If the French left, General Nicholson would have left to him a wild and rather naked country alive with hostile savages. The English hated the savages and killed them when they could.

MARY

Why didn't the French go? We could have colonized.

HENRI

No; the English could not get colonists to come and settle for fear of savages; besides they were not familiar with the kind of farming that we do around the Minas Bay.

So by all means he dared fair or foul, within the treaty and without it, General Nicholson prevented the French from leaving. He coaxed, flattered, cajoled, troubled and vexed in a thousand ways, seeking to hold us here. He would not allow them to go on English ships; he forbade English merchants from buying their goods; he would not allow the English to sell them sails.

As we did not know our position as to the oath he sent our questions to the English Queen, then after many promises, left for England himself, telling us to await the queen's reply.

MARY

Well, what did the queen send you?

HENRI

A new king suddenly came on your throne, a new ministry; we were forgotten. We waited, we are waiting yet. Waiting after forty troubled years. That's where the spread of trouble started. Some left it is true; those around the Port, then called Annapolis, went, for they better understood the English, the lovely, merciful English. Succeeding Governors or their lieutenants, tried in a hundred ways to get us take a full oath of sovereignty. We never did except a few under the range of the Port cannon. We did take or give many oaths of fealty always with the proviso not to carry arms against the Indians or the outer French. We always had that proviso in, always, always, always.

MARY

Why didn't you give these later governors proof? The English are proud, stubborn, but—just.

HENRI

We have offered the written proof many times. It is no use. To-morrow we will offer it to this monster you have here, this tiger dancing with a lamb,—Charles Lawrence. Mary Norris, I dare not express what is in my soul. I see the red torch of ruin in our Acadian sky. Governor Lawrence has our destiny in his tiger clutch.

MARY

What will you do, my friend?

HENRI

Our Government has forsaken us; yours hates us; New England wants our land. We are Catholic French, that explains all.

MARY

Ah! Why not take the unprovisoed oath?  
I'm English, I dislike your people much.  
They have no manly spirit, flag nor progress;  
No patriot fire, no titles, law or sovereign.  
You live like Micmacs in your log-house huts;  
Your priests within the hollow of their hands  
Hold your individual souls and destiny.  
I'd spurn religion cut and dried and measured  
Like mackerel bait the swearing fishers use  
Down there at Rouse's Lunenberg. Friend Henri,  
Be French or English, something, more or less.

HENRI

And you as blind to wrong as all the rest  
And you as deaf to Mercy's cry as he!

MARY

What have you paid for your protection?

HENRI

Protection! What pray, doth a wolf protect?  
We, foster children of a mighty nation,  
Orphaned, despised, Ishmaelish bastards  
Of politics crying in the wilderness  
With every hand against us, even Hagar's.

*(Leaning head in hands on prison door.)*

Oh God! And art Thou too forsaking us?  
Your Shirly deems himself his brother's keeper;  
With heart of flint he knows but one solution—  
A Puritan who loves the smell of blood—  
He's made the Christian plan to murder us—  
Duquesne, Oswego, Champlain and Quebec,  
These are to be the pens of slaughtered Frenchmen.

MARY

Impossible! In God's name why not fight?  
Were I Acadian, thank God I'm not,  
Each hazel bush would have an extra shadow.  
The first man-hunting, praying protestant  
That raised my door-latch, if not proper knocked—  
Pouf! There would be a new passover mark  
Upon my door sill.

HENRI

If English, thank God!  
I'm not, I'd burn with shame to stab a man  
A friend, when I had stolen all his weapons.  
Fight? Your father made a Christian plan;  
Your soldiers came to us as guests in June;  
Two to a house they slept; we said our beads,  
Retired; we thought a kindlier feeling come  
Of brotherhood; then when in happier dreams  
Our soldier guests arose and stole our guns  
And boats. Fight! Fight! Fight?

MARY

Who planned?

HENRI

Your loving father's Christian, Puritan plan,  
A Christian action worthy cunning priests!

MARY

You hang your pictures in unwholesome lights.  
Should not the sheriff e'er disarm his prisoner?  
And are your priests not cunning? Think the trouble  
They've put us English to. I've heard them speak  
Of Daudin, Desenclaves, La Loutre, Lalerne,



That murderous Micmac cat, Jean Baptiste Cope—  
My blood runs shivering but to think of him.

HENRI

And we have heard of Nicholson, the traitor!  
Vetch and Caulfield, Armstrong, Phillips, Wroth—  
Mixture of statesmen, villains, bigots, fools,—  
New England renegades with tiger brains,  
Who help a lowborn painter as he crouches  
Ready to rend this fragment of humanity  
For years forgotten in this wilderness.  
Now? Chess and wheat between the murderous stones  
Of blood dripping creeds—

MARY (*Interrupting*)

What renegades?

HENRI

Ah! If our priests had only taught resistance,  
We could have swept the hateful handful seaward,  
Not now to trust in Anglo-Saxon mercy—

MARY (*Interrupting*)

New England renegades! Whom do you mean?  
Step to my face and tell me eye to eye,—  
"New England renegades with tiger brains!"

HENRI (*Closely facing her*)

A striped tiger dancing with a lamb;  
A human dream that sprang from tiger brains.  
That's my diplomacy. Goodnight! Goodnight! Goodbye!  
(*Exit 2d L.*)

MARY

Diplomacy! Anglo-Saxon mercy!  
New England renegades with tiger brains!  
A striped tiger dancing with a lamb! A spy!

(*Curtain.*)



## THE HUE AND CRY.

### ACT III

(Scene same as Act II, set further to right only front of alcove shown. Dais and governor's chair placed to R. C. front. Candles on mantle and shelves, (several lit), attendants lighting others, placing benches, etc., in final preparation. At rise women appear half hidden in portieres; General Winslow in fine regimentals pompously walking up and down L. C.; Col. Mascarene, suave, dark, large, smiling, occupies governor's chair carelessly; Admiral Boscawen and General Moncton, arm in arm, placidly pacing R. to L. rear; Capt. Handifield and Murray illy dressed on bench L. front, talking uneasily; Dernier, on alcove steps; occasion decoration evident. Lights down.)

#### SCENE I.

GEN. M.

*(To Mascarene, crossing to R. C. front.*

Are we to wait like stable boys for hours?

When do these Neutral deputies arrive?

MASCARENE *(Smiling)*

"Let Patience wait because the time is great."

They're in the palisade already, sir.

GEN. M. *(Sneeringly)*

Patience! A name for half digested judgment!

Or least a lack of spinal starchiness.

How look they, heads as high as cockerels?

MASCARENE

Most time a sorry set by English standards,

Though some have virtues more than other men.

They're much like peasants having peasant souls,

A lively lot of Robison de Crusoes,

Most all afar from forces of the world,—

Of books and schools, ambition, lust and gain—

There's no half dozen rainbow tinted souls

In all Acadia.

GEN. M.

Counterfeit Fridays, sir!

And led by Crusoes in a cowl and cross.

Pray have they civilizing, Christian things?

As harbors, whiskey, churches, gold lace, guns?

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN

Ah! guns? We got them by a pretty prank

In June—Judge Norris's plan. Ah! there's a man

Could give Old Nick "blue devils" making snares.

He's made a map that's drawn to such a scale

A Neutral cannot fill his pipe but Norris  
 Citing his map can tell his middle name.  
 Each perch or stall or room or farm or trail  
 Is charted, mapped and pedigreed.  
 "It's like a geometric spider's lair  
 With Norris in the center hanging there  
 Alert to spring at any touch."

GEN. M.

Um! Um!

But what defenses can they make to us?  
 Suppose the spider wants to make a catch?

MASCARENE (*Rising*)

They do not fight or carry arms. It's hard  
 For us to credit them their honest worth—  
 So much unlike us in their moral mix-up  
 Their villainies so different from ours.

GEN. W.

(*Joining Mascarene, etc.*)

Where is the real boundary, the Shediag?  
 Bay Verte? The Misaguesche? Or where? Who knows?

MASCARENE

The devil only knows. That makes much trouble.  
 The isthmus poisons all Acadia.  
 From there the priests allure with promises,  
 Or threats the interdictions of the church;  
 And with Quebec or Louisberg, or both  
 Bribing a few in many devious ways,  
 Foment a tense dislike to English interests.  
 As soon a leopard change his spots and fangs  
 As these French leopards change their fangs and spots.  
 But 'round about the Minas Basin blooms  
 A paradise for men or smaller gods.

GEN. M.

There's several smaller gods in Massachusetts  
 With no reflection on the company.

/

(*Bows cordially to Winslow.*)

A Hanibal some northward up the coast,—  
 Who dickers—fish and lime and nets and salt—

AD. B.

But where's your little paradise?

(*Goes rear, studies inscription.*)

CAPT. H. (*Rising*)

At Marshfield.

(*Bows to Winslow.*)

Adorned from heaven so his wife hath writ,

With Major John writ on its angel wings,—  
The nurse will swear it on a testament. (*All laugh.*)

GEN. M. (*Smiling to Handfield*)

Another week there'll be another John,  
A herder at a wornout paradise—  
Annapolis—the center of the world—  
Who'll swear on bacon rinds or—bibles—if—  
Ah! This new world's renewed by ifs and—babies.

CAPT. H. (*Sits by Murray*)

If what? I fear the import of some ifs.  
Another week? A herder? General,  
There seems to be infection in the air,  
Of some calamity. I guess the if—

GEN. M. (*Sourly pacing R. to L. front*)

It's not your turn to guess at campaign riddles.

GEN. W. (*Hotly, rising*)

If we were not in uniform, I'd state—

GEN. M. (*Keenly*)

General, always make your sword your robe,  
Except when bathing—um! or while in bed.

"A talking sword that tends to ink,  
Too often makes its record stink."

Since I'm accused of sundry riddles read:

(*Imitates a man violently painting.*)

(*Gen. Winslow reseats himself.*)

AD. B. (*Laughing heartily, coming down center*)

I read your riddle readily.

GEN. W. (*perturbed and angry*)

It's mud

To me.

CAPT. MURRAY (*To Capt. H., L. C. front*)

All mud.

GEN. M. (*To Murray*)

Suspense till morning, Captain.

CAPT. H. (*Apart*)

Halifax fog with quite a dose of London.

GEN. M.

(*Crossing R. to L. shoves bench R.  
front away.*)

Chee-rup, Chee-rup, Chee-rup! like morning robins,  
I've seen a Micmac spearing bitter gars,  
Um! Just to get his hand in, not for food;  
You know the gars crowd out the better fish?  
You are the spears. The gars? Acadians;  
The answer's plain to all. Now, Mascarene,

You've made your bed here thirty years, pray tell us  
 The confidential truth about these gars,  
 So we can shape our unused consciences,  
 And get an echo to the argument  
 Of cracking, colonizing guns.

MASCARENE (*Sits*)

(*Murray and Handifield cross to bench*

(*R rear.*

The problem?

GEN. M.

Vertebrate facts that build this sour contention.

(*All crowd around Mascarene, except*

(*Moncton and Boscawen, who after*

(*standing to listen a moment silently*

(*pace R. to L. front.*

MASCARENE

Well! I'm no legal leech to diagnose

Our Nova Scotian sickness, General,

But I would guess that spinal curvature

Is the chief ill.

GEN. M.

Good! Good!

(*Laughs harshly, with Ad. B. resumes*

(*walking, but listens.*

MASCARENE

Well at Utrecht

France threw to us this far off wilderness

Of rocks and tides and fens and savages.

There was a little spot scratched out

Around Port Royal, now Annapolis,—

The fort a place to practice gunnery on

When the war dogs got loose; a cut throat place

In earlier times for pirate's bloody nests,—

But to the case. What would we with the gardeners,

A thousand heretics? A treaty clause

Supported by a letter from Queen Ann

Said if they staid they could be Romanists

And have their rights of property like us.

That if they went might sell their movables.

The trouble first commenced with Nicholson.

Mark that. First English governor, he saw

His gardeners gather up their tools to leave.

Entranced by lies from Louisberg they swore

Anew allegiance to King Louis. Ah!

Suppose they went within the treaty year?

"'Twould wholly strip and ruin Nova Scotia."

GEN. M.

*(Pausing at front L. C.; to Boscawen.*

I've heard Newcastle say as much himself  
Some dozen times. It must be true for he—  
Newcastle, is a shadow minister—  
The sun above brings out his blackness only.

AD. B.

*(Gen. M. and Ad. B. stand C. front,*

Now, Dick, you're springing up your subtleties.  
Let's not be foul our nest. Poor bird is that.

*(To Mascarene)*

Let Huguenots relate their kindred wrongs.  
*(Bowling cordially.*

MASCARENE

What worth his battle or his salary then,  
If Nicholson had naught but weedy farms  
O'er swept by crazy tides to feed his soldiers?  
And so the truth is, played a double trick,  
Serving himself and crown—too long to state—  
To hold the gardeners there. He held them too.  
He sought to draw the Frenchmen's poison fangs  
'Gainst sense, all law and precedent. A purse  
Out of a sow's ear! It could not be done.  
Then knowing nothing of their life or aims,  
Fost'ring a race they hated naturally,  
All sought to make them loyal Englishmen  
From then to now. An ink and quill contention,—  
A scheme no higher than a signature,—  
An oath to make them English citizens!

GEN. M.

Um! Lions out of foxes! Did they sign?

MASCARENE *(Rising)*

Sign? Sign? It's sign and sign and subterfuge  
For forty years.

GEN. W.

And what about provisoes?

MASCARENE

To carry beads and not to carry arms.

GEN. W.

Was such provisoes always, always given?

MASCARENE

Save once, at first a few, each man is proof,  
Besides they have it in their records safe.

AD. B.

Do they pay tax or tithe the Government?  
Pay rent or have fair titles to their farms?

MASCARENE (*Sits*)

Save quit rents on some lately granted tracts,  
It's no to all your questions, Admiral.

GEN. M.

The roaring Governor Phillips wrote the Board  
These 'Cadians so forgot their souls in love  
Of his administration that they signed  
A cleanly oath as slick as paw paw whistles—  
Without an "if" to stain it or to sting us.  
Let's think! I saw the very names myself  
In '31. A very holy oath,—  
Principally tailed with crosses.

MASCARENE

I have seen  
At Grand Pre' in the scrawny hand of Phillips  
A paper signed by him and well attested,  
Dated, preserved,—

*(Mascarene has risen, all, suddenly at-  
tentive, tense. Crowd around him  
(except Moncton and Boscawen. Former  
stands alone eyeing Mascarene sharply,  
L. C. front. Ad. B. sits, bench L. front.*

GEN. M.

Ah! Ah! What says it?

MASCARENE

Free exercise of their religion,—more,  
To have their priests remain confessing them;  
Entire possession of accustomed rights—  
Nor carry arms against the outer French—

GEN. M. (*Interrupting*)

Now is that possible! What packs of lies  
Are tied up in the London Board's reports;  
Lieutenants here compelled a sorry role  
The while their lords were wallowing far away  
In the dishonored fat of salaries  
Unearned, with reputations streaked the worse  
Than Laban's willows. Yes, I see! I see!  
It's greed, incompetence and racial hate,  
The Anglo-Saxon 'gainst the Latin, um!  
Gunpowder and humanity are still  
Unmarried. Um! Now Col. Winslow, um!  
You are a man of much humanity,  
You've heard the problem, can you solve it, sir?

GEN. W.

Humanity's a word I do not know  
In dealing safe with rebel slops poured on  
One's doorstep. Since the world began there's been  
No greater kindness, largeness, yes, good will  
But easy policy than England's shown  
These harum-scarum nondescripts, our Neutrals.  
For forty years they've tilled our English land  
And never shilling jingled out their clutch  
For Church or State for their protection yet.

GEN. M.

Um! Yes? You'd do?

GEN. W.

I'd make them sign or fly.

GEN. M. (*Covertly sneering.*)

Not with militia first time under fire.  
Now, Captain Murray, let us hear—

CAPT. M. (*Furiously, coming down.*)

I say—(*Chokes with excitement.*)

GEN. M. (*Placidly.*)

Bray on, we are all ears like asses. Say?—

CAPT. M.

I say be damned the man of any race  
That fights the forward run of English colors,  
Nor draws a willing sword within their shadow.

GEN. M. (*To Admiral Boscawen.*)

Ah! If our swords were long as memory!  
What's your solution, Captain, of the case?

CAPT. M. (*Foot on rise of dais, shaking with anger.*)

Take each rebellious man by scruff and breech  
And chuck him into Frenchman's Bay. That's what.  
Militia, Sir, would act like regulars—  
At least they bettered them with Pepperell.

GEN. M. (*Contemptuously.*)

Pepperell! New he-maid of Louisberg! (*Ad. B. laughs derisively.*)

All fools rush in where angels fear to tread! (*Aside to Ad. B.*)

Oh! Be more picturesque and say like this:

"I'd take the Neutral rosary and drop

Each bastard bead to feed old Fundy's bore."

(*Burlesque declamation. All laugh.*)

(*Some repeating: "To feed old Fundy's bore."*)



MASCARENE (*To General Moncton*)

How would you settle this unsettledness?

GEN. M. (*Quizzically.*)

I am a soldier first and last, my friends,  
A cog that fits in Britain's red machine.  
Big wheels revolve me, I turn lesser ones;  
The course we keep is England's destiny.  
Now, Mascarine, since we have passed it 'round  
What do you think the sanest remedy  
For chronic pains in Nova Scotia State?  
Say, lift them out and scatter them like chaff?

*(Lieut. H. rises and joins Capt. M.,  
(Ad. B. rises and stands by Gen. M., C.,  
(front; Gen. W. rises R. C. front facing  
(them. Moise D. rises and snuffs  
(candles; Mary N's face seen in por-  
tieres. All tensely listening.*

MASCARENE

Forbid it God! I'd simply colonize;  
Dilute the settlements with saner blood;  
Master by closer touch and do not try  
To cut a Frenchman over English forms.  
Above all give them titles to their tracts.  
Land titles make the patriot. A renter  
Is not substantial in his purposes.  
I'd put a fort upon each Indian trail—  
Cobequid, Tatamagousche, to Grand Pre'—  
And any Protestant or Catholic  
From Quebec down to far off Florida  
That stuck his nose in this unholy mess,—  
Each preacher, priest or meddling missionary,—  
Humph! He'd feed our Capt. Murray's white maned bore.

GEN. M.

And use the tale for a warning shofar, too  
For military hogs that rob the sty. (*All laugh.*)

MASCARENE

Let faiths alone. Perhaps their faith doth smell  
As sweet as ours to Him who hath the right  
To judge it. There are several roads to heaven,  
And all damned hard to travel soldiers over.

## SCENE II.

(Bugles. Moise Dernier hastily seats officers; Gen. Mascarene in governor's chair, Ad. Boscawen in chair to R. at end of dais. Col. Moncton in chair back of Mascarene and to front, the Captains on bench to right of Ad. Boscawen. Grand Entrance



doors fly open. Enter Gov. Lawrence, Judge Norris and six attendant guards. Mascarene vacates and stands before second largest chair on dais. Moise at governor's chair. As Lawrence enters all rise. Guards extreme rear.

*(At governor's chair, bowing in all directions.)*

Gov. L.

Good evening, lords and gentlemen. I'm late.  
The deputies are here, an honorable swarm,—  
They're frightened out their wits; be seated all.

*(All sit except Gov. L.)*

Expect a calm and measurable proceeding;  
But "yes" or "no" will do. This day ends all  
Evasions. "If" or "but" or qualification  
Shall have no place in our recourse to-night.  
Dernier, come by me for I need your tongue.  
You are the kind of Frenchman that I like.  
A *bon chien*, an errand dog that talks some  
But keeps his mouth shut. *Un chien couchant*,—  
He runs and lies and lies and runs at once.  
Damme! he runs to lies (*laughs*), a dog of honor!  
Tail wagger and a wagger of a tale.  
Stand by these gentlemen, translate their grunts  
And nasal slop when I turn on the screws.

*(Laughing by some; sits. Confused noises outside. Bugles. Moise opens doors of Grand Entrance. Soldier files, (clanking noises), heard slowly approaching; soldiers lead in motley crowd of Acadian deputies headed by (Henri G. in French officer's uniform, with sword. Governor only rises. Deputies stand. Judge Norris steals out through alcove. Soldiers stand rear; Moise closes G. E. doors and crosses near deputies middle center (L. front.)*

Acadian deputies, I had you come  
For most important reasons. Arguments  
I shall not listen to. Ah! Musyer, there

*(bows low, ironically to Henri),*

Interpret me. The king's resolved to come  
Into his own. The title of the soil—  
His; your allegiance—his. Your loyalty  
Is to king George,—or Louy, which? Perhaps  
Mistakes are in the record; hot contention

Excuses no injustice, rights no wrong.  
 Are you to answer for your father's acts?  
 Am I for all preceding governors?  
 The question we will solve to-night is this—  
 We have ten thousand renters on our soil  
 Who pay no rent or recognize the landlord.  
 It costs the Crown much gold and many soldiers  
 To guard possession of these lands; wherefore,  
 Except the Acadian hierarchy, you?  
 You can not show in this peninsula  
 A legal title to a foot of land.  
 No one disputes this. Now the end has come;  
 Get titles, help pay taxes, give your fealty  
 Undivided with our enemies.

*(Henri is seen interpreting at times and  
 for a moment after Lawrence ceases.  
 There is much shifting around among  
 them.)*

HENRI

My lord!

What is the step you'd have us Neutrals take?  
 First what?

Gov. *(Grasping oath parchment roll from table.)*

I know no Neutral citizen;  
 Pray do not let me hear that word again.  
 The first? Subscribe this oath of sovereignty  
 To our King George the II.; promises  
 And subterfuges, oral statements, such,  
 Can have no voice with me. An oath's an oath,  
 It hath no nursing bottle tailing it—  
 Full statured, honest, manly, loyal, English.  
 By all the gods I swear by—English, English! *(shouts)*

HENRI

Shall we bear arms?

Gov.

Undoubtedly. Why not?  
*(Dernier is seen among the deputies  
 interpreting. Great commotion among  
 them.)*

HENRI

And when we sign the unprovisoed oath  
 Swear we support of State and—English church?  
*(Reni Leblanc struggles forward. Holds  
 crutch like a bludgeon.)*

Gov.

I am no priest, nor this confessional. *(Pauses.)*  
 You will receive the rights of citizens

Of England. Pray what more can white men ask?

HENRI

My Lord! the governors, the former governors—

Gov. (*Shouting.*)

Hear all of you, I'll have no argument;  
Your history stinks like stranded Fundy fish.  
Don't tell me of your rotten oath, it smells so.

(*Dernier, who has wormed out by the  
side of Reni, shouts to deputies:*

MOISÉ D.

Puant poisson! Puant poisson!

(*A growl of repressed rage runs through  
the throng of deputies. Mascarene and  
Winslow rise and stand near Governor.  
General Moncton rises, extreme L.  
front, watching with hawklike keen-  
ness.*

HENRI

We've sworn a dozen English fealties  
Since Utrecht—

Gov.

Damn your treaties, yes or no?

(*Furiously.*)

This oath's (*shakes parchment*) allegiance unqualified.

(*Dernier interprets:*

MOISÉ D.

Protestante ou Catholique; protestante ou Catholique?

Oui, non; oui, non?

(*All on their feet. English officers un-  
consciously crowd close to Lawrence,  
except Moncton. Mary Norris and  
other women entranced, gaze down  
from balcony. Deputies swarm around  
Henri, who is very calm. Lawrence  
draws sword, leans on it and views  
the turmoil, terribly aroused. Reni hob-  
bling forward shakes his crutch at  
Lawrence.*

RENI LEBLANC

Non! Non! Non! peintre en batiments! Parvenu  
Gouverneur! Spoilateur!

(*Henri advances, turns and quiets dep-  
uties by a gesture.*

HENRI (*To Gov. L.*)

Are you both Judge and Executioner?  
And where your jurisdiction or your law?  
Have we no legal rights to be set up  
For English juries?

Gov.

Forty troubled years  
You've chosen legal isolation, and knew  
No law save what seditious priests ingrained  
In your suspicious natures. We have held  
The cup of English sovereignty and law,  
Have you accepted? Every subterfuge  
Of Gallic subtlety you've practiced on us,  
And being fuller statured with immediate arms  
You've wheedled, whined, defied us. Now the end.  
You'll sign this oath or fly.

HENRI

But other governors—  
(*Moves to front of dais.*)

Gov.

Beware! There is no further argument.  
(*Both advancing unconsciously.*)

HENRI

(*Henri draws sword.*)

Hold! Life is not so sweet or death so feared  
I may not speak. Since you cannot respect  
Acadian rights, respect my word. Its steel  
Is worthy yours and every gleam and flash  
Is lit with France's fame and every thrust  
Is fibered with a soldier's honor. (*Plays sword.*) These,

(*Turns to deputies.*)

Political bastards of dishonored wedlock,  
Kicked off the doorsill by their father—England—  
A striped tiger dancing with a lamb!

(*Lawrence starts violently, grasps his sword as if to thrust. Messenger rushed through crowd from 2nd L. E. in hot haste, hands the Governor an official package. Tense silence as Lawrence tears it open. He reads aloud.*)

Gov.

"Gov. Shirley, Massachusetts, to Gov. Lawrence, Halifax."  
General Braddock with two thousand regulars in the  
wilderness near Duquesne, were ambushed and mur-

dered by the Indians and French, July 9. Not one escaped."

*(Screams crazily.*

Ambushed, murdered by the French! Ambushed! Murdered! Oh! the damned heretics and traitors, murderers! Surround them there. Drive them into the prison. Kill them! Kill them!

*(Soldiers suddenly rush in and in a mighty confusion drive deputies into the prison. Lawrence is held by Winslow and Mascarene. He breaks away and lunges at Henri. They fight. Mary (N. runs down and through alcove and stands at door of alcove. All English off stage. Henri and Lawrence are fighting furiously. Henri pinks Lawrence's forehead*

"A striped tiger" you low born spy!

*(Duel continues. Henri unswords Lawrence (who falls on knee), poises his blade above him as if about to thrust, hesitates, sheathes sword, retreats past Mary who covers and prevents Lawrence from following.*

HENRI *(At rear door.)*

Dogs as well as tigers have their day. *(Exit.)*

*(Lawrence grasping his sword runs out Grand Entrance, shouting: "Guards; Ho guards!" Stage in disorder. Mary withdraws in alcove. Sounds die away. Full minute of stage emptiness.*

### SCENE III.

*(Mary enters, on dais, listens intently, mob sounds have died down. Faint sounds of singing from prison. Picks up parchment on floor.)*

MARY

Ah! "Dogs as well as tigers have their day!"

*(Deputies are singing a hymn, more plainly heard.*

My blood goes tingling down my spine like needles.

*(Reading the oath parchment.*

Here hangs a race's destiny, no hand

To save them. Ha! the tiger's in me, too.

*(Listens to singing.*

Like martyrs singing hymns before the torch.

*(Lawrence enters running, rear door  
(R., face streaked with blood. Fiercely  
shouts at Mary.)*

Gov.

What do you here?

MARY *(Yawning.)*

Oh, picking icicles, sir.

Gov.

What foolish answer! Are you daft! You mean—  
I will not brook a woman's interference;  
You'll bundle back to Hingham just as soon  
As Captain Rouse can get his morning's sails full.  
*(Rushes up to her intimidatingly.)*

MARY *(Calmly looking him in the eye.)*

I will not bundle back to Hingham, sir.  
For any wind that fills that pirate's sheets.

Gov.

Do you, just you defy me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
A homespun petticoat contests the king.  
Some swords are scabbarded in apron strings,  
But mine's unsheathed in England's righteous cause,  
And no New England shrew shall guide its point.

MARY *(Haughtily.)*

I have no words to waste on parvenus  
Whose pedigree is writ with boatman's paint;  
A reputation shorter than his sword,  
A striped tiger dancing with a lamb!  
*(They pause, eye each other fiercely.)*  
Sh! Hist! she's pointing at you Governor.  
*(Mary crouches, look of terror simulated.)*

Gov.

Faugh! Nothing, nothing! Miss, your father tells me—

MARY

So, hath he told you I have second sight?  
At times behold the spirits riding air—  
The empty wind? I saw just now a hag—

Gov.

A hag? My god, a hag?

MARY

'Twas not a hag,  
A witch, a yellow, grisly, witless witch,  
Just risen from the dirt from out a fit,  
As drunken, stooped and stretching, now  
Sniffing her hands and crying as she gropes—

*(Lawrence crowds behind her with increasing fright.)*

Gov.

Wa! Oo! No, no, no, what does she say?

MARY

"Pe-e-e-p! Pe-e-e-p! it's raining blood."

*(Lawrence rushes out with a bellowing noise of fear, calling guards.)*

#### SCENE IV.

*(The same. Some one in French addressing deputies in prison faintly heard. Glimpses of prisoners through barred window.)*

MARY

A ghost, a renegade, a hag, a shrew!  
 I'm doing well but where is Henri gone?  
 Escaped? So now long prayed New Englanders  
 Are whetting up their hymnal butcher knives  
 Since Braddock in that far off wilderness  
 Is festering with two thousand soldiers;—  
 A crimson streak of slaughtered men unburied;—  
 All chopped and ripped by tomahawk or knife,  
 And torn by buzzards—going back to nature  
 Like a dead wolf forgotten in his snare.  
 Races with mountain peaks between—no room?  
 My soul is sick to death of murdering wars.

#### SCENE V.

*(Henri enters suddenly R. door rear.)*

MARY

What! More diplomacy? Good night! Good night!  
*(Turns her back on him.)*

HENRI

Hold! Mary Norris! Some mis-happened force  
 Has shot me through with your perfection. Oh!  
 Since you have saved me from his coward blade  
 False hope has torn anew my heart for you.  
 To-night I see the end. Our race is run;  
 At last I kneel at love's confessional.  
*(Kneels behind her. Dumb play by Mary.)*

MARY

*(Without turning.)*  
 Arise, not all is lost? Your honor's saved?

HENRI

*(Rises.)*  
 Yes, all is failed me, home, ambition, love.  
 I had no thought except my country's good.



I've heard them plot Acadia's ruin here  
 In these dishonored walls. If reason wrongs  
 If Justice fails, if Mercy's dead to us  
 Is pity tearless in your woman's soul?  
*(Dumb play,—struggle; she half turns.)*

MARY

Why—Monsieur, what could I do for you?

HENRI

Do? Wake, cry out murder, a race, a race,  
 Is being murdered all for England's glory—  
 But hide within your heart the proscrip't's shame,—  
 Who could but worship an accessory.

MARY

*(Turns fully toward Henri.)*

Henri, friend, I—have—your—cause—at heart.

HENRI

You have our cause at heart! You and—you?  
 My God! She does not mean so much. Is't pity?  
 A dream? 'Tis she and yet—that—can not be.

MARY

'Tis I. No ghost, no hag, no renegade;  
 A woman sick of soul, of blood, of wrong.  
 I wake; cry "Murder! Murder! Acadia  
 Is being murdered, all for England's glory." *(Shouts.)*

HENRI

*(Tempestuously.)*

Then join your soul to mine—Acadia's cause;  
 We'll battle 'gainst this mighty wave of outrage—  
 Soul-linked contend with all our little strength  
 And trust to God to find the dry path through.  
 Oh Mary, Mary! Come, oh! Come with me!

*(He extends his arms, she hesitates,  
 then flies into his arms. Kisses him  
 passionately. Approaching steps heard,  
 they glide apart and hide in little al-  
 cove. Enter Lawrence, rear, stealthily  
 with ready sword.)*

## SCENE VI.

*(Scene same. Wicket and window show prisoners. Singing of the prisoners plainly heard.)*

Gov. *(Center front.)*

She's gone, thank God! Ha! Sing away, sing on!

*(In whisper.)*

Who cried out "Murder! Murder!" in this hall? *(Pause.)*

The very air is full of massacre  
And damned spirits screaming evil at me.

*(Regains courage, sheathes sword, listens intently.)*

You bastard citizens, full soon the rest  
Of you, ten thousand more will help the chorus.

*(Laughs.)*

There's Moncton, Murray, Winslow, Handifield,  
Good hunters for this kind of cackling fowl;  
And I have caught one hundred at a cast,  
The very finest capons of the roost. Ha! ha! a! a!

*(Struts, then listens again.)*

You cackle, Lawrence crows. *(Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)*  
That's good.

Moise Dernier says that Henri Gautier  
Is proscribed from Grand Pré. Ah! if he be  
I'll tie a bolder to his neck and drown him  
Alike a cat, tomorrow.

*(Feels forehead and sees bloody stain on fingers.)*

I could love

A steel knit wrist like that. It's he or I.  
He could have run me through—but—saved the stroke.  
But—no; he knows too much, he knows too much.

*(Peers in alcove, discovers Henri but not Mary.)*

Ho! guards! Ho! guards!

*(Three guards run in unarmed.)*

Seize him, white-hearted mice!

*(Henri runs out and takes position L. C. front. Guards refuse to tackle Henri whose hand is on his sword hilt. Lawrence furiously lunges at Henri, who with a flash twists Lawrence's sword across the room. Guard leader rushes for it, but Henri only smiles. Mary rushes out of hiding and snatches Henri's sword and fences leader across the stage into depths of alcove. The uproar and shouting of Lawrence brings armed throng on, who manacle Henri, who is carried to prison and thrust in. Struggle ending at prison door.)*

Gov.

Out all. I'll find out whose governor here,—a wench  
Or spy, or me. *(Shouts.)* Guard gates of palisade.

*(Exit rear, running.)*

## SCENE VII.

MARY (*Breathing hard.*)

His sword! and streaked with healthy English blood.  
 Avenging angels of the Lord can—fence. (*Laughs.*)  
 But where is Henri gone? Is this the end?  
 What terrible thing you are in this wide world!  
 (*To sword.*)

Thou hast a million specious arguments  
 To falsely plead in glory's name to—slaughter.  
 The Christ would spurn thee thing of blood!  
 Thou anti-Christ!

(*Casts sword away—before prison door.*)

In Henri's arms! his lips!  
 My God, what have I done? Is that called love?  
 Another title, fool! soft-hearted fool!  
 Yet—I will reason like a Cumberland: (*Pause.*)  
 He comes and pleads with music sweeter far  
 Than any I could think was in this world,—  
 To join his outlawry? To be the wife  
 Of an Acadian proscrip, hunted head?  
 A spy? Perhaps to lead a doubtful cause?  
 A rebel? heretic? Frenchman? enemy  
 Of England? Else? Depends the side I'm on.  
 To wed or not to wed, is that the question?  
 Our lives like various sorts of pendulums  
 All swing to different arcs, some fast  
 Some slow, none right exactly to a hair.  
 He asks this fleshy pendulum to hang  
 Among his soul's machinery. Ah, then!  
 And will the mental arc I swing for him  
 Quite fit his earth time? He may run too fast,  
 Too slow, get altogether out of gear.  
 Then will he try to mend me to his wheels?  
 The time he keeps is of the kitchen shelf,—  
 Or is it in the tower for king or fool  
 To stare at? Ah! what e'er it be it hath  
 A charming chime. And I? For darkened parlors,  
 A grave, ancestral clock much out of time.  
 I shine—five hundred years of polishing.  
 I'm pretty honest workmanship, but have  
 Sharp angles here and there—and out of date  
 Not keeping time for anybody—yet. (*Wrings hands.*)  
 Suppose I squaw it in a den of smoke  
 And poles? A proscrip's wife, Acadienne?

*(Soft 1st violin. Picks up Henri's sword and fondles it. Reverie, soft light filling face. Kisses hilt.)*

They think because they lock his body up

They turn a key upon his regnant soul.

*(Hears Henri's voice in prison talking.)*

*(Rushes to prison door, then away, returns, hesitates.)*

I'll break the bars myself.

*(Shakes door. Shouts into prison.)*

Acadians!

Come rend and thrust, give blow for blow, leave off

Your prayers and hymns and doubly smite to earth

This devil Governor. Home! Home! Red murder

With smoking hands is crouching on your doorsteps.

Henri! Henri! Henri Gautier! *(Calling through wicket.)*

The key, the key, the key!

*(Henri appears at barred window.)*

*(Exit D. rear, returns with keys. Hears footsteps and with keys and Henri's sword hides in alcove.)*

#### SCENE VIII.

*(Provost and two watchmen enter, Grand Entrance. Henri appears at wicket door of prison, sees guards and passes on.)*

PROVOST GUARD

You, James, watch this gate till twelve and then I will relieve you. I will take Thomas to the rear gate. There's a great commotion as you know and the Governor is furious. Make no mis-step or there will be trouble to last a year. *(To the other guard.)* Come with me. *Exit.*

*(Sentry sits in governor's chair and goes to sleep. Mary watches him.)*

*(Henri appears at wicket and she signals him. Sentry snores. H. passes on.)*

#### SCENE IX.

*(She comes out with keys and sword cautiously, C. front, Lights low.)*

MARY

Sh! Ah! New England renegade in service!

*(Whispers.)*

And shall I? Will I? When I put this key  
Within that lock and turn the bolt—ah, then!—

I cross the nation's dead-line. Did I pledge him?  
 Sh! outlaw's wife! I did not say I'd wed him?  
 A price on both our heads? My lineage!  
 Grand daughter of a Cumberland, descent  
 Of royalty! Pedigree? A golden chain  
 That manacles a bloody robbery  
 Unto the witless braggart of the crime.

*(Steals to prison door. Returns to  
 L. C. front.)*

Accessory sleep or this stone floor will run  
 With color.

*(Pointing sword at sleeping sentry.  
 Goes to prison door again and waits a  
 moment. Gently knocks with sword  
 hilt. Guard stirs. She whirls and poises  
 sword over him.)*

Sleep as thou hast never slept.

*(Sentry with back to her yawns. She  
 ready to thrust. Sentry sinks to sleep  
 again.)*

'Tis well, sleep on.

*(She unlocks door and knocks with  
 sword hilt again. Returns to L. front.  
 Henri comes out, comes to her. She  
 unlocks and takes his manacles, re-  
 turns to prison door and relocks it.  
 Henri crosses to L. C. front. Mary  
 crosses to R. C. front.)*

HENRI *(Extending arms.)*

Thou angel of the sepulchre:

Come, come with me.

*(She hesitates, goes slowly toward him,  
 with eyes cast down, hands him his  
 sword. He sheathes it. Guard yawns,  
 Henri retreats to L. Ist, she mute. He  
 again extends arms, she shakes head  
 in negation, sentry rises, goes to prison  
 door.)*

Lost, all is lost.

*(Mary glides into alcove. Henri glides  
 out L.)*

*(Curtain.)*

## GRAND PRÉ STOCKADE

### ACT. IV.

(Church and Mission rear, trail leading through meadows, grain fields and forest beyond; Cape Blomidon, red-faced cliff dim and distant to the right. Stockade being completed in front with wide highway entrance to L. C. Tents within, upper part of Leblanc's house (Act I, Scene 1) seen. Forest on R., beginning of apple orchard with road leading in on L. Grapevine swing in forest, willow with seat L. Part of street houses to R. back. English colors on Mission and gate posts; spire and bell on church. At rise Acadian women and children L. front seen covertly watching stockade scene at back, weeping. Soldiers rather idle with hammers and axes at stockade entrance. English summons, large red seal, seen on willow and on forest tree.)

#### SCENE I.

DAVEY (*To provost marshal, outside of stockade gate.*)

Do you know the meaning of all this Provost? This picketing of the mass house these three days? The general seems unlike himself.

PROVOST

That's right. He has bad business to his hand at once I guess. A moment since I saw a soft eyed lass over there look on with troubled face and she went away with her mantle in her eyes. What a mellow voice they have, such mournful eyes.

DAVEY

The devil's in the wind. I guess and hold my tongue. Yesterday I saw the Black Robe talking softly to a harvest crowd as they stood reading that summons. "Pourquoi" they would ask again and again; then some would point to the empty ships. I saw an old man with a crutch, in hot argument with some behind the priest's back. He forgot himself and swung his crutch and fell in a heap. (*Soldiers laugh.*)

A SOLDIER (*Rising from ground and coming near*)

What did the old he-devil do?

DAVEY

Put him on his feet again and counseled patience. This Father Landry is a Christian man.

PROVOST

What! How can you speak so! He is a hateful, jabbering, meddling hertic. Can a man be good with a soul deformed? He like all the rest is in league with popish devils. It's no crime for them to strangle a protestant baby, or poison an English well. They call us swine and devils. Professing friendship they hire the savages to hunt for English scalps. Ah! mine's worth five pounds six at Louisberg. A Christian man! His spittle would poison like a snake's.

A SOLDIER

To whom do you make confession, Davey?

DAVEY

Confessional! Bah! who's not somewhat cracked in character? It seems no worse than men sharpening up their bayonets to prod these old French mothers and maids from homes. To tell the truth, lads, I'm stomach sick of this kind of war. War dog vomit! Bah!

PROVOST

All's fair in war and spoonin'.

DAVEY

*(Crossing to L. and R. as he talks to himself.*

Yes, stomach sick of such damned rabbit war as this. Ah! here's a land for you unperjured English soldiers. *(Looks out L. 2nd.)* Here blooms a savory quietness for wasted lives that bloodmen live. Ah, me! look down on that long stretch of lime-washed cottages, rimmed 'round with old world flowers. Eh?

*(Provost and some of the soliders rise and gaze off to R. rear.)*

Stare down there on those "grand prees" filled with fatted cattle, Those grainfields, orchards. See the Neutrals peaceful working; Look at the Minas Basin wrapped in gold and blue!

Hark! *(listens)* I can hear that summer music still unwrit. "Nature's busy gabble 'round her filling hives."

Damme! I learned that line from a book. That's poetry.

*(To a soldier.*

John, would you like to shake a smelly cover down

Of apple blossoms, falling adream of home?

Or stuff on berries, pippins, cider, honey, milk?

Not buggy peas and mouldy biscuits, soured molasses; hell!

Ah! all of us would like to have a heavenly choice

To go to sleep at one these open dormer windows

After a belly-bursting supper we sometimes get at home,

With a slow June rain tattooing soft upon the clapboards.

*(All crowding around Davey, drool, etc. Davey*

*closes his eyes and says softly—*

As soft as a sweetheart's first touch around one's neck;

Then wake at sun-up, the room aswim with sunshine

The smell of roses, the jangle songs of robins—

PROVOST *(Burstingly)*

Oh Davey! Davey! Davey! In God's name could you forget the smell of hominy, eggs and ham? And—a pint of the Neutral's rum from Martinique!

SOLDIER *(Slamming down his hammer and saw)*

Oh! suffering heaven! A pint? A tubful with a dipper! Hey!

*(Suddenly all madly join hands and circling around Davey sing:*

## SOLDIER'S SONG.

*Ring around a rosy, tubful o' rye,  
 Help yo'sel' to dippers lads, no one watchin' nigh;  
 Fines' belly fodder-o, that anybody's seen;  
 Choose yo' dip an' swig'er, then snuggle down and dream.  
 He, hi, Ho-Ho-Ho!  
 Lord-a-Mighty ain't it jolly  
 After breakin' ranks,  
 Chasin' out the melancholy  
 By sojers playin' pranks?  
 Hey! Hey! Hey-Hey-Hey!*

WORKMAN (*Coming out of stockade gate*)

I'd like to know what you are doing here? I don't see any dipp,  
 any rye, nor any hay.

PROVOST (*Short, violent hoedown.*)

The cats will play when the mice are away.

We die to fight for another day; Hey! Hey!

*(All circle around the newcomer and sing the song  
 (over again. Some horse play. Cease, some sit,  
 some fan themselves.*

WORKMAN (*A.*)

I have a secret, lads. When General Pompous (*hist! hist!*)  
 went to see Capt. Murray at Fort Edward yesterday, "Timid  
 Knowlton" of Osgood's ship, that whale boat coxswain, you remem-  
 ber him, tall as a pine and a fraidy-cat!—ran in on 'em I say, to  
 tell him the tide was soon to go out and they could not wait, why—  
 something,—

PROVOST

Come, Sammie, tell it.

A.

That—that! Hey! Hey! He-hi-hay! (*Dances a rough double shuffle.*)

PROVOST

Oh! damn your hay, what did he hear?

A.

I fear my tongue might make a bid to ride a "horse."

DAVEY

By all the holy smoke of Rome we will swear you out.

A WORKMAN (*B.*)

A Papist oath! another name for treachery. (*Declaiming.*)

"Religious oaths are always streaked with blood."

*(They circle around him and roughly tumble him  
 (down as they circle, singing He, hi, ho-ho-ho! etc.*

PROVOST (*Looking out R. 3rd E.*)

Hist! Sh! (*all suddenly quiet*) Hi! you haymen. Say, Sammie,  
 what did Knowlton hear? We will be mum as corpses.

*(Imitates Gen. Winslow.*



A.

Well this; "Murray this is the sorriest business I ever was engaged in. Why in heaven don't those ships come from Boston? Are you ready for your catch." Put that in your bloody gizzards.

DAVEY (*shocked*)

So this is a place we are picketing to catch French pigeons in. My soul! Men, women, children, babies! Has King George got down so low as that?

PROVOST (*startled*)

Sh! Sh-h! We will ride a horse till we break his back if we libel the king. (*Some looked shocked, others scared.*)

DAVEY

I'm a Bay State man pressed into service. My time is up. There's many Bay State men who do not care a tinker's damn for Kings. (*Proudly.*)

PROVOST

Hold your tongue! Are you a friend of the Neutrals? Think of Capt. Howe shot under a flag o' truce up at Fort Cumberland! Get your loyalty up Davey by thinking of Braddock, Deerfield.

(*Several crowd around Davey threateningly.*)

DAVEY

Capt. Howe was shot by renegade Indians up at The Neck, on the boundary line, no man's land. Braddock? Huh, a stuttering Col. Pepperell or Capt. Washington, yes or Black Rodgers would never been caught in a hole like that. These Acadians can't fight, they have no guns to fight with. Bah!

PROVOST

Who pays for our scalps at Louisberg, Davey?

DAVEY

The outer French, curse them. These Neutrals, these 'Cadians would not hurt a baby.

(*A few of the soldiers laugh in derision. Soldiers seen within stockade in hot arguments.*)

ONE (X)

These hellbound priests! Trying to save a red skin's soul. Has a bobcat got a soul?

ANOTHER (Y)

Can you trust a heretic? Where did you find these sweet Neutrals in '48. Didn't they follow the service of the French army here?

ANOTHER (Z)

I am in for scattering the whole lot,—every soldier a maid and a farm.

DAVEY

Shame, shame!

A SOLDIER (A)

What does this man load his gun with?

OTHERS

Hymn books! Mush! Popcorn! We want a farm! A maid!

*(Crowd around Davey, some laughing others menacingly.)*

DAVEY (C. front)

Lads, I'm a Bay State man. When in service I obey commands. I never had militia fever when on the skirmish line. My mind, my soul's my own, not the king's. No Bay State man wants to shoot women, children, mangle babies. No Bay State man wants an Acadian maid or an Acadian farm unless he weds the maid and buys the farm. We are American's first, the king comes second.

PROVOST

Oh! curse your Bay State farmers, they will be Neutrals too if they are much like some scouts I know. I say be damned the man who dares say anything against King George II. *(Looks around for encouragement.)*

SOLDIERS

So say I? Me too? Damn your Bay State. You too! You are a traitor! I'm for a maid, a farm! Ship them out. *(Riotous.)* Think of the confessional, the priests feeding grounds! Braddock! Braddock! Braddock! Howe! Squaw man! Braddock!

*(Davey surrounded, handled roughly. Pushed, tumbled across the stage. Din increases. Shouts of "knock him down," etc. Suddenly General Win- slow appears accompanied by Fr. Landry.)*

GEN. W. *(In a voice of thunder, entering R. 3rd E.)*

Silence here. To quarters!

*(Soldiers slink back through Stockade entrance. Gen. W. and Fr. L. cross to C. front.)*

## SCENE II.

*(Drop on Stockade Scene.)*

FR. L.

What mean those soldiers shouting Braddock, General?

GEN. W.

Surveyor to the King I think and killed by Western Indians. No great matter, father, one the more or less.

FR. L.

No great matter! *(seems shocked)*. Ah! yes; but they quarreled with that scout, why so? He seems a kindly man.

GEN. W.

My soldiers—do not like—the savages, they did not have you

good French in mind. Oh no! ha! ha! ha! Non, non, monsieur. Pardonez moy, now is that good French?

*(Fr. L. seems preoccupied. Paces with hands behind him, head bent, etc. He is furtively watched by Winslow.)*

You have a very fine tongue of English, Father.

*(Priest bows but continues round. Stops and gazes sadly out R. 3d E. Lips seen moving. Returns, paces.)*

FR. L.

I see five new sloops have come.

*(Watches Winslow hawkishly.)*

GEN. W. *(Agitated)*

New ship have come? Sloops from Bos—er! Ah, yes! you know my ships are not enough for my soldiers here. Besides I have more soldiers coming from Halifax. We will soon be gone, Father. I am sorry indeed to the very heart to take your church for barracks. Soon the good news will be told you. Have you explained the summons?

FR. L.

I have explained it as well as I could many times. I fear my people are so busy with belated crops that they will not come. The rains of August have been very severe. Harvest is late.

GEN. W.

Oh no, no, no; Father Landry, that will not do. The King commands, we must obey. To me disobedience means dishonor. Ah! Father, soon will end our long perplexities. Peace at last. *(Smiles and bows.)* Peace at last!

FR. L.

But do you want the lads? It is that I cannot understand. The lads?

GEN. W.

Ah, Father! You know how quickly they carry news. His majesty has pleasing news for all your youth. Pray clear your mind's foreboding, except they disobey the summons.

FR. L.

I will tell them and all shall come. I trust in your soldier's honor. Soon I hope our troubled lives will be at peace. Adieu.

*(Exit 2nd L. Fr. L. bows gravely with a heavy heart. Gen. W. bows several times with simulated light hearted gaiety.)*

GEN. W.

At peace? Ah, peace for England after forty years!  
But what a hellish end for all their trials here!  
I cannot make my heart and judgment meet. Sh! Peace!  
Ah! such a peace will leave a stain on England's honor,

A thousand years of tearful shame cannot blot out.  
 And yet—and yet—it—must be right. It—must be right.  
*(Draws a little note book from pocket. Reads it  
 silently. Writes, closes it, returns it.)*  
 At least I'll write a record that will smoothe my case.  
 And later? Stop the gnaw of critical rats. Sh! Peace! *(Exit L. 3d.)*

## SCENE III.

*(Scene the same. Enter Moise Dernier and Mary Norris, R. 3rd E. mounted. Dismount. She in Acadian costume. He takes off saddles L. C.)*

MARY

Moise, I seek a place to rest. I'm fagged and faint.  
 And do I look the Neutral maid? Oh for a glass!  
 Go take your horses off and make excuse for me,  
 A girl heart-sick of England's perfidy. Now hurry!  
*(Impatiently as he stands gazing.)*  
 A place to rest, to sleep and keep my presence hid.  
 What is that place you told me of, Leblanc? Leblanc?

MOISE

Non, oui, mam'selle, un droit a' sleep, a' rest, Leblanc.  
*(Exit L. 3rd with horses.)*

MARY *(Pulling off gloves)*

A red sea must be here. And shall I pass dry shod?  
 I've crossed my nation's dead line to the enemy.  
*(Tosses whip towards saddles.)*  
 Oh! all I left behind is poisoned bitterness; *(paces)*  
 Before? The silencing my soul's unrest. The end?  
 God knows; here rises—sets, the single soul of two;  
 And that? Humph! Something more or less in France's shame,  
 But nothing, nothing more or less in England's glory.  
*(Dreamily repeating.)*  
 Soul-linked contend with all our little strength  
 Against this mighty wave of outrage. Ha!  
*(Enter Moise and Jean Leblanc. Women eye each  
 other.)*

MOISE

And thees Mamselle Leblanc,—she has a tongue of English and  
 thees the Lady Norris. She is seek,—seek of eating with the English.  
*(Bows profoundly. Exit 2nd L. with saddles.)*

JEAN *(Timidly)*

Welcome, Lady Norris.

MARY

And you speak our language, how delightful!

JEAN

'Twas Jules who taught me, brother Jules long schooled in Paris. Ah! if you knew our Jules, my noble brother Jules,—I do not know where he is, (*about to weep*). Le Monsieur Moise says he's down at Chebuctou, Halifax. Le Monsieur Moise says he has got away. But Monsieur Moise is so kind—he lies so. Pardon me, my tongue runs in and out like Gaspereau. I will show you. Come and rest with us. (*Exeunt 2nd L.*)

## SCENE IV.

(Moise re-enters followed by several young Acadian girls in gala attire with food baskets, asking him many questions most volubly in old French. Some imitate Mary, others *moue*. He goes out with saddles, girls anxiously following. Returns alone, seems searching for something. Finds the whip.)

MOISE

What a chase thees ees! Thees can do it. (*shakes purse.*)

Thees, n-est ce pas? Si le gouverneur connatre—fit! fit!

(*Makes double slash across his throat with handle of riding whip.*)

I bring good horses back a' le gouverneur! (*Winks.*)

(*Pulls official looking paper from pocket.*)

Autority! (*Smiles knowingly.*) Pass with horse! Le honorable Gouverneur, le honete homme. (*Winks.*) I'm his dog. (*Frowns.*)

Tail wag man and man wag tail. Garr-re! I will remember—cela.

*Un chien couchant*, gar-r-re! Le shepherd dog, (*barks*)

Mam'selle hunts *chere* lovaire *je cherchez le chere cheval*, he! he! he!

Le shepherd dog, sacr-r-re! Le Honera-able Gouverneu-u-r.

(*Goes out cracking whip and barking.*)

## SCENE V.

(Scene same. A dozen young Acadian picnicing lasses, much beribboned, without. Exuberant gaiety, conversation in part in old French heard. 1st and 2nd violins, simple lively quickstep. Two rush in, dance to right.)

MARIE

(*Running back to L. 2d E. looking out and beckoning.*)

Hurry! Jeanette and I have found a perfect heaven for a picnic.

Hasten, you poke-alongs!

(*Gay girl voices outside.*)

JEANETTE

(*With a scream running to grapevine swing. Swings.*)

A swing, a grapevine swing! Glory!

(*Marie swings with Jeanette. Very gay.*)

MARIE

*(Gathers up her basket and runs back to entrance again. Pretends to eat.*

I am eating all the honey up.

*(Shouts of dismay. Girls burst in with noisy happiness. Marie is climbing a tree. Girls set baskets (C. back, cast headdresses anywhere. All try to swing, two bump and fall. Marie in tree taking off shoes and stockings. Jeanette pretends to be shocked, pointing to Marie.*

JEANETTE

Stockings for sale!

MARIE *(Singing.)*

"Shoes and stockings for sale, for sale,  
Made down under the sea."

*(Placidly hangs stockings on a limb. Marie is long time pulling off stockings,—girls swing, play, dance, whirligig, pirouette, etc.*

MARIE *(In a hoarse voice of horror)*

A man! A man! Two of them.

*(Sudden decorum. Some of the girls primp. Marie hides behind tree, tries to reach stockings. Dumb play of failure and dismay. Indicates by actions the approach, nearer and nearer, of the men. Girls below infected with the dilemma of Marie. She cautiously squirrels around the tree trunk, suddenly standing boldly out.*

MARIE

Bah! I am not afraid at any man.

Honi soit que mal a pense. *(Declaims.)*

JEANETTE

*(Who has primed the most and has put on her head-dress.*

Oh! *(disappointment and disgust)* where have they gone?

*(All gay except Jeanette, who sits bereaved.*

Marie, have they gone really? *(Plaintively.)*

MARIE *(Solemnly)*

They are dead.

*(Coming down. Doubles up stockings and throws them at Jeanette. Jeanette suddenly gay. Beats girls with stockings, white yarn.*

JEANETTE *(screamingly)*

Let's go barefoot.

*(Sudden plunge for shoes. All take off shoes, girls seated in a half circle. Jeanette picking up Marie's hose and shoe goes round inside the ring, begins to sing:*

## THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

## SONG BY ACADIAN LASSES.

Shoes and stockings for sale, for sale,  
 Made down under the sea.  
 This shoe was cut from the fin of a whale,  
 This stocking's the lace of a mermaid's tail,  
 Come buy, come buy from me.  
*(Girls sing but stolidly refuse to buy.)*

*Chorus:*

Sweethearts, sweethearts, from old Grand Pre'  
 You'll go barefoot for many a day,  
 Ere footwear so fair will be for sale,  
 Riding the foam of the blue Minas gale,  
 Sent by a Prince under the sweethearts bay.  
 Come buy from me, come buy.

Shoes and stockings to sell, to sell,  
 Made down under the sea;  
 This slipper was cut from a pink sea shell,  
 This hose was wove in a Dolphin's dell,  
 Come buy, come buy from me.

*Chorus:*

Shoes and stockings for love, for love,  
 Made down under the sea,  
 Each by a Prince is patterned and wove,  
 He's dreaming and waiting for some one above—  
 Come buy—

*(Mighty contest for shoe and stocking. Sound of  
 distant horn, scramble for shoes, hats, etc.  
 Exeunt. Marie returns, searching, has one shoe  
 on without stocking. Disconsolate.)*

MARIE

Where is that stocking?

*(Looks up in tree, moves around aimlessly. Sings  
 snatches of tunes. Steps on pebble, screeches,  
 limps, nurses foot, pouts with pain, then*

Stocking, stocking, who's got my hose?  
 A girl's best friend wherever she goes,  
 Her worst when out at the heel or the toes—

*(Suddenly finds stocking.)*

Oh! Inside out! I've lost my beaux.

*(Dumb play of vexation and disgust with stocking.  
 Takes off shoe, puts on stocking, but still fighting  
 stocking quietly. Ties on string garter and pulls it  
 as if to choke it. Goes to exit, raises skirt to knee,  
 views it, angrily ties garter VERY tight. Exits in  
 rage.)*

## SCENE VI.

(Scene same. Music (soft violin, minors) for one minute or longer. Mary and Jean discovered walking, sisterly aspect, both silent, sad. At length Mary speaks hesitatingly.)

MARY

I had a dream about your brother Jules, my dear,  
A foolish dream. And did you say that he was deputy  
At Halifax? Speaks English?

*(Looks away dreamily, sighing.)*

I knew one deputy—

Not Jules. I've journeyed here to find him. That's a secret.  
I have a message for him, Jean,—to tell him that—  
To tell him—ah! do I forget! *(Laughs tearfully.)*

JEAN

Why seek him here?

For all are prisoned there, so Moise says. My Jules  
Is trapped like all the rest. *(Weeps.)* Oh, wherefore could that be?  
And now they come with summons to our little church.  
Today, September 5th, a Friday—hangman's day;  
What means it all, oh! what means that? *(Points to notice.)*

MARY

Is that the call *(reads.)*

"A forfeiture of your estates and chattles if"—  
You do not come. And lads but ten years old? And men?  
And signed—

JEAN

The General Winslow, order of the king.  
They're posted everywhere—Port Royal, Pizaquid,  
Cannard and Habitant. Oh! tell me, tell me, friend,  
Is this a trap to snare, to pen us up like Jules?

MARY

I can not think such English infamy as that,  
*(Hesitates, then slowly,*  
Hark, Jean! There's one that got away at Halifax,  
A brave and noble man. Now hold your lips like death:  
'Twas I who let him out.

JEAN

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! was't Jules?

MARY

Not Jules. That one—he should be somewhere here,  
So Dernier says.

JEAN *(Excitedly)*

And what's his name, his name?



MARY

How should I know his name among the hundreds there?

JEAN

Oh! Lady Norris, tell his looks, his coat, his speech?

Had he a kingly stride like this? Or this? (*Imitates.*)

MARY (*falteringly*)

His gait? I do not know—except—it—is—a princely stride.

His coat? Some lace, a sword. His speech? Ah! that was music,

A harp that sings long after—when the singer's gone.

His looks? Ah! that is quite beyond me—something like

The music. (*Picks flower.*) When I look I see him there. At night

I wake from troubled sleep; 'tis then I hear his voice

A-beating at my heart, the faroff sound of hymns;

Again my heart's hot flame at touch of bearded lips;

In the darkness see reproachful eyes, extended arms—

I hear a sentry's yawn—a broken cry of "Lost!"

And then—and then, he went away—away! (*Bursting wail.*)

JEAN (*in Mary's arms.*)

And with him went your secret heart. And yet you know

Not e'en his name? (*Astonishment.*)

MARY (*falteringly*)

His name? A Poutrincourt, perhaps—

A Henri Gautier, a proscrip—t—a spy—

JEAN

Jules! Jules! *Lamour de Dieu!*

(*Kisses Mary tempestuously. They cling to one*

*another, etc. Tramp of soldiers heard. General*

*(Winslow's voice heard behind: "Lie low. When*

*(you see the signal, spring hotly up and file around*

*(the church. Davey, you and Provost James*

*(Marshal lock and guard the doors. To your tents,*

*(and do not show a head till you hear a gun."*

*(Tramping and confusion. Mary and Jean tense,*

*(listening. At L. 2 E, pause.*

MARY

A Lawrence here as well at hateful Halifax!

Oh, God! is love and hope and justice dead! (*Exeunt running.*)

## SCENE VII.

(Raise drop, full scene as first, Act IV. General W. seen at stockade entrance pacing nervously back and forth. Shades eyes, scans back trail and looks out L. entrances. No soldiers seen, no sentinels. Acadian men and lads seen coming down back trail, then from all directions. Enter stockade directed by Fr. Landry to church. A few women at L. front E. half hidden, anxiously stare or peep. At last all appear to have arrived, General W. gives a signal and there is the report of a small gun. Soldiers spring up as if out of the ground, rush and are seen in double file around the stockade

inside. Davey and Provost rush to and lock church doors. Women are pointing to a flying horseman seen coming down the back trail. Mary, partly disguised, and Jean seen among women at extreme front L. As stockade gate slams to with a crash Henri rushes in 3d E. R. and sinks down exhausted among women. Mary withdraws.)

JEAN

Oh Jules, what does this mean?

*(French women crowd around Henri talking excitedly.)*

HENRI'S MOTHER

*(Sinks down and tries to embrace him.)*

My son! My son!

WOMEN

The deputies.

Where's my Brassard? Noel? Petticode, etc.

*(The crowd of women call out various names.)*

HENRI *(Rises)*

My God! Too late, too late, too late! A fall I got  
Prevented me. *(Loudly.)* Dispersez chez maisons, go home.  
Your fathers, brothers, lovers there will not return.  
Go home; tell all the rest; Jean, stay here.

*(Women exeunt wailing. Henri puts arm around Jean and they walk R. and L. front back and forth. Mary half hidden L. 3d E. Dumb play.)*

Oh Jean, our cause is lost. Our home, our properties  
Are lost. A double price is on my head now, Jean;  
And why? I loved my people, tried to save them all.

*(Jean clings and weeps.)*

Lost then, myself, my love.

*(Starts up in desperation as he sees the sentinels, gun tips) pacing behind the stockade. Sentinels not seen.)*

My soul for a hundred swords?

*(Releases Jean who goes out weeping to Mary. Henri sits despairingly on willow root under the huge willow. Marie goes near him. He rises and abstractedly places arm around Mary's waist. Both pace. Then both sit.)*

Now I will tell you, dear. I've kept it from you, Jean.  
I listened at a secret meeting of the Governor.  
I know their plans—to spill and kill us anywhere;  
Husband from wife, our father from our mother, all  
The precious bonds of home and life and love of us  
Acadians shall break; will scatter us like sheep  
When wolves get after them. There's one at Halifax  
I loved with all my soul—Delilah! Delilah!

## THE ACADIAN PROSCRIPT

*(Lays head affectionately on Mary's cheek, unnoticingly. Mary seems to make effort to disclose herself.)*

She saved my life, released me from my prison house,  
Was in my arms, clung 'round my neck and kissed me, Jean.  
*(Releases Mary violently, rises and crosses R. front, (Mary follows, casting all disguise aside.)*

HENRI *(wildly)*

Oh God! Oh God! Then—then—cast me out  
To these curst wolves now ravening in our homes!  
*(Soldiers seen hunting on back trail. Henri gazing intently at them. She puts arms around his neck. (There is a noise at the stockade gate and it flies open and a squad of three come out, armed. They see Henri and start for him. Quick as a flash he kisses Mary. Gate shuts.)*

Run Jean, run!

*(Duel of swords with three bayonets. One soldier is quickly thrust through and staggers out L. 2d. Battle very fierce. They work to R. 2d. Mary interferes and is knocked down with gun butt. (Henri and soldiers work out R. furiously. Noise of fight grows fainter, then a scream of agony. Silence. Mary struggles to her feet. Staggers to L. 2d.)*

MARY

Now New England proscript, renegade, spy,—Acadienne!  
*(Exit L. 2d dropping handkerchief. Henry enters (from R. panting, carrying two guns and powder horns. Sets them against the willow. Sword bloodstained.)*

HENRI

Three human wolves the less!  
*(Sees the handkerchief on floor. Picks it up, (smells it.)*

Bois-d' arc! Sassafras!

Mary's? My love here? 'Twas Mary not Jean I kissed?

*(Goes to L. 2d, calls,—*

Mary! *(low tone, pause)* Mary! *(loud voice)* Mary Norris! *(loud call.)*

*(Goes to R. C. front.)*

She is here? We will find the dry path through!

*(At R. 2d gazing intently at the stockade gate, slowly (backs out with sword in hand. Mary rushes in (2nd L. to C.)*

MARY

Here! Here Henri! Through hell itself shall try to overwhelm us.

*(Curtain)*

## LA TOURMENTE

### ACT V.

(SCENE 1, ACT IV.—Set deeper and further R. Armed sentinels within seen passing back and forth before open stockade. Soldiers on benches within stockade cleaning accoutrements. Soldier workmen with tools idling at R. front. Women, weeping, with baskets of food waiting at gate; some with shy children sitting on benches, other women with children huddled on ground near entrance, sleepy, waiting, children clinging on skirts, weeping.)

### SCENE I.

1ST SENTINEL (*at gate, pausing*)

The devils in there are acting ugly. The general sent in Father Landry yesterday to talk them quiet.

2ND SENTINEL

What did the Black Robe say to them? What do they want?

1ST SENTINEL

To get out, of course. They all ask what is to become of their families. Some are afeared nigh to death of what is to become of their families. Every time a wench takes food to them they come out with red eyes. Some of these have been waiting half the night. Poor devils; I wonder if they are to be shipped away?

2ND SENTINEL

Pooh! There's not half ships enough. It will take a fleet.

(*Sentinels come close and whisper for some time.*)

1ST SENTINEL (*aloud*)

That's right. But suppose there was a mutiny, a break away!

2ND SENTINEL (*First Sentinel whispers to 2nd sentinel then*)

My god! I could not do that.

1ST SENTINEL

All's fair in war. But damme! these women and children do make me queasy round the gills. Why not take them at their word and ship them to Louisberg?

(*A third soldier leaves his work and breaks into the conversation of the others at the gate. All cast furtive glances towards headquarters.*)

SOLDIER

Let them go to that nest of traitors at Louisberg? They'd spring back at us in revenge as soon as they got a gun, with the red skins at their heels. They hate us undyingly. We could not trust them any too much before. If we let them go in crowds they'd soon be back in regiments with French officers leading them. There's only one way now. The General has burnt his bridges behind him. Only one way now.

1ST AND 2ND SENTINELS

What is that?

SOLDIER

Burn, kill, scatter, wipe them off the map.

2ND SENTINEL

I see, I see. Burn, kill, scatter. Do you know how many the other captains have got penned up at the Port and at Fort Edward?

SOLDIER

At Fort Edward some 200, but Capt. Handfield, down at the Port dealt with a different breed of swine. They took to the woods and bunk with the Indians. They are used to the tricks of the trade down at the Port. I hear they are wronging women at the Fort on the Piguquit.

2ND SENTINEL

What difference is that with popish she cattle about to be gambreled. (*Pause.*) Burn, kill, scatter.

1ST SENTINEL

That's right. All are bound for hell any way, according to our preaching. Some of these officers rob the roost while the men are locked up, I've heard. We don't get a fair divide. They say that the Governor has the count of every tail in the peninsula, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, even the fowls. I saw seven droves of fat cattle go past the other night to Capt. Rouse at Lunenburg.

*(Warning sign from men at work inside. Door of headquarters opens and a priest is seen talking vehemently to some one inside. Sentinels resume pace. Give sign to workmen. All suddenly busy.)*

SOLDIER (*to workmen R. front*)

Sh! It's a damned shame that Jim and John have to ride the "horse" for stealing a little hen meat while some wearing lace, lob off a whole carcass. They can't half hide their own devilment. Here comes that lean-faced god-man, Father Landry.

*(Goes sullenly back to his work and all silent and busy as General Winslow and Fr. Landry approach talking earnestly.)*

## SCENE II.

(Curtain on stockade scene.)

GEN. WINSLOW

My heart is moved for you, but what can I do but obey my king? There are fierce, resentful looks within that church that mean mutiny and danger to us, Father. They plan to seize the ships, my men overheard them, and every plan and action suits not the whole-

some business of the king. Can they not wait a few days longer?  
Wait for the glorious news?

FATHER LANDRY

The wholesome business of the king? What's that?  
These children, General, are misunderstood.  
Their minds are free of blood as playful hares;  
Their lives as peaceful as a harvest moon.  
They do not dream of crimson deeds of power,  
And they obey their church as you your king.  
Almost one hundred fifty years ago  
Their fathers peaceful anchored at the Port;  
Came here and lived unvaried lives of peace,  
In this wild water-cradle of the world,—  
Until the clashing brawls of old world kings  
Found echo in our sunny silences.  
Some years ago an accident of policy,—  
An obscure codicil to testaments  
Left us a legacy for force and greed  
To tear at. They are like your Schuylkill men—  
There is no venom in their gentle blood,  
And long have lived in brotherhood—a faith  
Too soon for this sword flashing world. Some say  
Your king hath said to us "Begone!" There is  
Not room for you and us? The world too small?  
Oh! General, in the name of lowly Christ  
What will you do with us? Suspense is death.  
'Tis now a month since you have penned them there;  
Ten thousand anguished prayers in broken homes  
Go up each night to God—and yet no answer. (*Pause.*)  
Oh! General, answer me, what mean those ships?

GEN. WINSLOW (*Evasively*)

The captains of the ships have their instructions.

FR. LANDRY

But you not know what those instructions are?  
What is our wrong in living peaceful here?  
We dyked and ditched th' uncertain mud and sands  
And fought the crazed sea back for farms and meadows.  
Here are no beggars, jails,—out-wedlocked babes;  
No thought of blood or lust or idleness.  
We have full joy of life's serener music;  
And love a mass bell as we love our lives.  
Now if your king by legal subtlety  
Doth will to dispossess us of our lands;  
Doth will by force to take our grain and stock;  
His pleasure to reject our ancient fealty;  
Doth set you here with skillful artifice,  
Penning us up like cattle; Oh! pray wherefore

Break families into fragments of despair  
 And make a wandering hell of homelessness,  
 For least ten thousand loving, gentle souls?  
 General Winslow—answer me, what the end?  
 Tell us the fate to which your king hath doomed us?

GEN. WINSLOW (*Hesitating, confused*)

It—is the—order of King George the Second—  
 To—scatter you down th' Atlantic coast.

FR. LANDRY

My God! And has it come to such a fate!  
 To what defilement comes such kingly touch!  
 Oh! This is Devil's justice, English mercy! (*kneels*)  
 Almighty God, thy will be done—but—yet—

GEN. WINSLOW

Beware your words! There's been no harshness yet.  
 'Twere easy now to make you feel the smart  
 That comes from hot tongued arrogance—

FR. LANDRY (*Rises*)

Not yet?

No harshness yet? Imprisoning deputies  
 In stinking dungeons in the Summer's heat  
 As you have done at hateful Halifax?  
 Burning up homes and breaking trustful hearts—  
 Driving our mothers to a woe too deep  
 For words—suspense slow eating up our souls—  
 Our children crying, crying for their fathers  
 Through these portentful days—your soldier squads  
 A-hunting down our fields for boys and men—  
 Young wives debauched by brutal soldiery—  
 The talon hands of our supposed protectors  
 Clutched into our hearts—no harshness yet?  
 Not yet?

GEN. WINSLOW

No more, no more, you hot tongued priest.  
 They go this hour. Go tell the unmarried men  
 Get ready for the ships. And I tell you  
 For your unseemly words shall go with them.

FR. LANDRY

And did you think I could desert them now?  
 May hell my spirit have do I forsake them  
 In this their agony. I go. May God  
 In your last hour show you a common mercy  
 That you or your black-hearted English king  
 Refuses now.

(*Exit. General Winslow paces ragingly. Raise  
 (drop on stockade scene.*

## SCENE III.

(Before church door. Three sides hollow square of armed guards formed before it, two file deep. Women, small children, dogs, run around the outside of the square. Gen. Winslow is seen in the square which lengthens as the scared young men and boys are called out of the church. Calling and culling continues. Mothers rave. Boys inside of square call to their mothers, run around and try to get through ranks. Father Landry calls out the names of the youth.)

FR. L. (*Calling out in old French*)

Come Pierre, come out Renie, no, only the lads. Come out, God will protect you. Jacques, Louis, Robicord, etc., etc., etc.

(*Calls out various names. Many of the frightened youths fall on the ground. At last all seem culled out. Soldiers ten file, two ranks, suddenly deploy behind and complete square. Church doors locked. (Fr. L. on steps praying, etc.*

GEN. WINSLOW

Attention! Ready, march to the ships.

(*Soldiers lift feet as if marching, but lads cast themselves on the ground and refuse to move. (Renie Leblanc rebellious.*

RENIE LEBLANC (*Screaming*)

Mon pere, ma mere, mon pere, ma mere, ma mere, ma mere!

(*Jean Leblanc and Mary Norris, the latter partly disguised, seen near. Jean rushes along files and suddenly breaks through and is locked in a desperate embrace with Renie, her brother. Soldiers try vainly to separate them, Gen. W. disheveled, rushes through, pulls them apart brutally and whirls Renie headlong. Jean thumped by gun butts—cast out. The scout,—Davey in ranks seen weeping.*

GEN. WINSLOW (*Shouts*)

I know not father or mother here. March on. Prod them if they do not move. March on, to the ships.

(*Soldiers prod boys, who scream with pain,—begin to move off. Crased, tumultuous multitude of women, old men, small children, dogs, seen winding down to ships. Vanishing crys of "Ma mere, mon pere!" Mary Norris appears. Guards pace stolidly before church door. Fr. Landry rises, advances near Mary*

FR. L.

I deemed that hell itself was far below, but find it here. Accursed king! Oh, for flaming swords, thrust, cut, rend, strangle. (*Insane rage suiting words.*) Devils pursue them, kill them, kill them, kill,



kill (*tears robe in rage, suddenly recovering, abject contrition.*)  
 Oh God, forgive,—Father,—my Father, I forgot—Thy will be done,—  
 Thou knowest best,—I—I— (*wrings hands. Sees Mary.*) How comes  
 it that you do not follow that stream of woe. Ha! I do not know  
 you. You are not one of us.

MARY

Where is Jules Leblanc?

FR. L.

Escaped. But who are you? I know you not.

MARY

Father, I can trust you. I am an English girl from Halifax.  
 He is here, and—somewhere here is—my life.

FR. L.

An English girl from Halifax! I do not understand.

MARY

I am an outlaw of English justice. A woman whose heart is  
 broken like a useless reed. In God's name where is Jules Leblanc?

FR. L.

Are you the one he called for all through his fever? Are you  
 Mary Norris?

MARY

Father, I am Mary Norris from Halifax. Where is Henry  
 Gautier?

(*He leads her away to R. 3d E. Soldiers seen  
 returning. Mary hesitates.*)

FR. L.

I will lead you to the forest road. He is up there. He rose from  
 his bed this morn.

(*Lays hands on her head, silently blesses her. Exit.  
 Soldiers and crowd return. Soldiers reform before  
 Church door. Fr. L. moves around among crowd  
 comforting them.*)

GEN. WINSLOW (*To Fr. L.*)

Unlock the doors. Call out the married men. Captain Rouse,  
 take your torches to the lower end. Hasten, the signal one gun.  
 Two guns mean hasten to the ships. Leave not a stick. Burn all.  
 Force the rascals out, make speed.

(*Husbands forced out hastily. Wives rush around  
 square calling out husbands' names. Some scream-  
 ing, others sit stupidly on the earth, "saying" their  
 beads dumbly. Jean runs ragingly along sides  
 calling for her father.*)

JEAN L. (*see father prodded by gun butts as he hobbles*)

Father! Father! Ha! ha! ha! a! a! a! (*Goes insane.*)

## SCENE IV.

(All are out of church. Begin to chant before they move off. Great confusion and noise outside of square. Mary Norris seen climbing heights. Chant suddenly stills tumult.)

## CHANT.

Vive' Jesus, vive' Jesus,  
Avec la croix son cher partage  
Vive' Jesus, vive' Jesus,  
Dans les coeurs de tous les e'lus  
Vive' Jesus, vive' Jesus.

*(Repeat twice. General mounts church steps and waves his sword thrice. One gun solemnly booms from the ship. Soldiers with torches seen running at lower end of the village. Flags struck.)*

GEN. WINSLOW

Attention! Forward, march.

*(Multitude moves off toward ships. Fr. Landry leads chant. Lower end of Grand Pre' in flames. Henri seen high up on Cape Blomidon, Mary unseen by him is struggling upward near him.)*

## CHANT.

Portons le croix, portons le croix,  
Sans choix, sans ennui, sans murmure,  
Portons le croix, portons le croix  
Quoique tres amere et tres dure  
Malgre les sens et la nature,  
Portons le croix.

*(Sounds of chant, die away. Cannons thunder out twice. Henri turns, sees Mary, embrace. The Church suddenly with all Grand Pre' in flames.)*

FINIS.





# Announcement.

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The publishers beg to announce that they will have ready soon for the press

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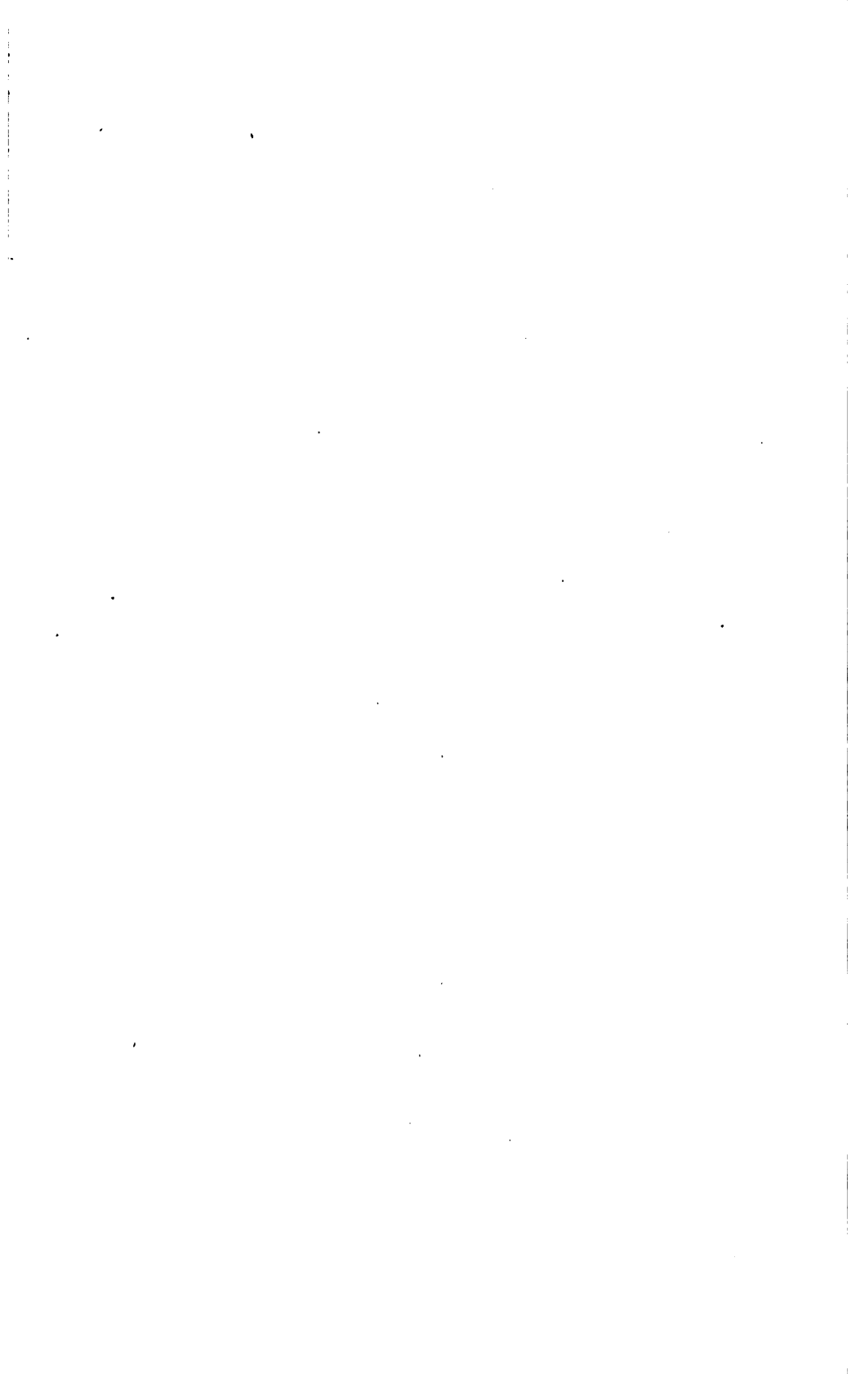
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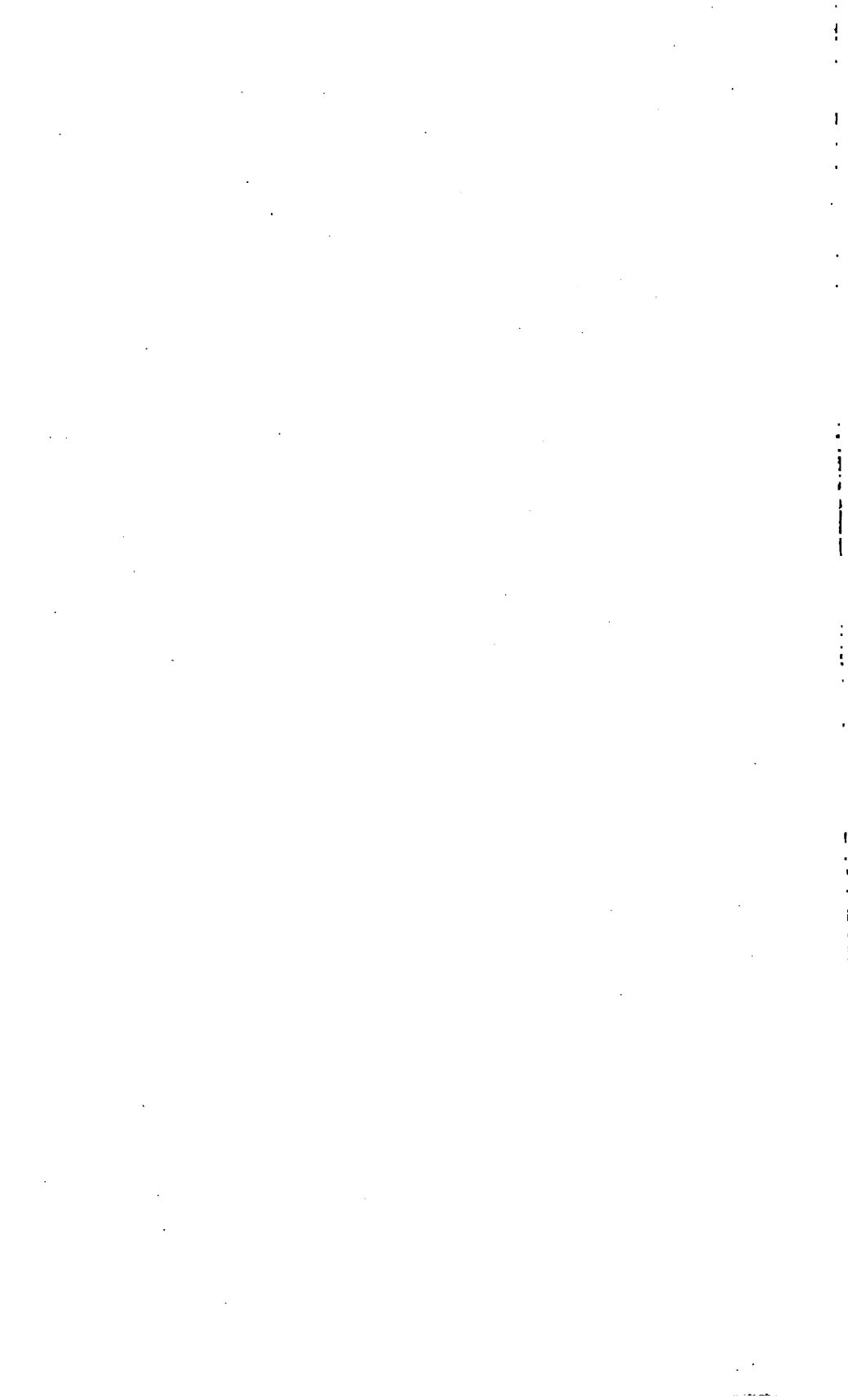


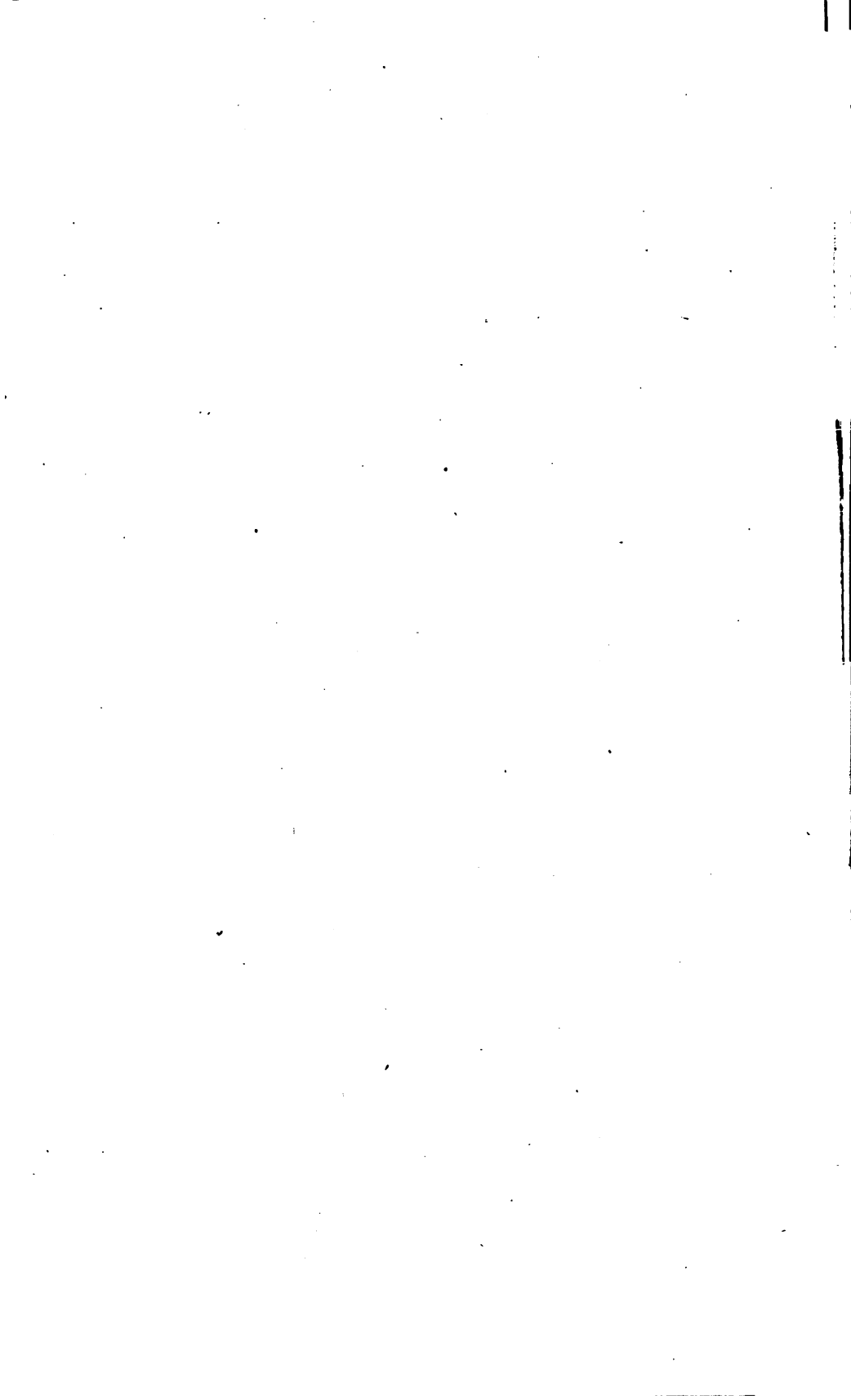














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